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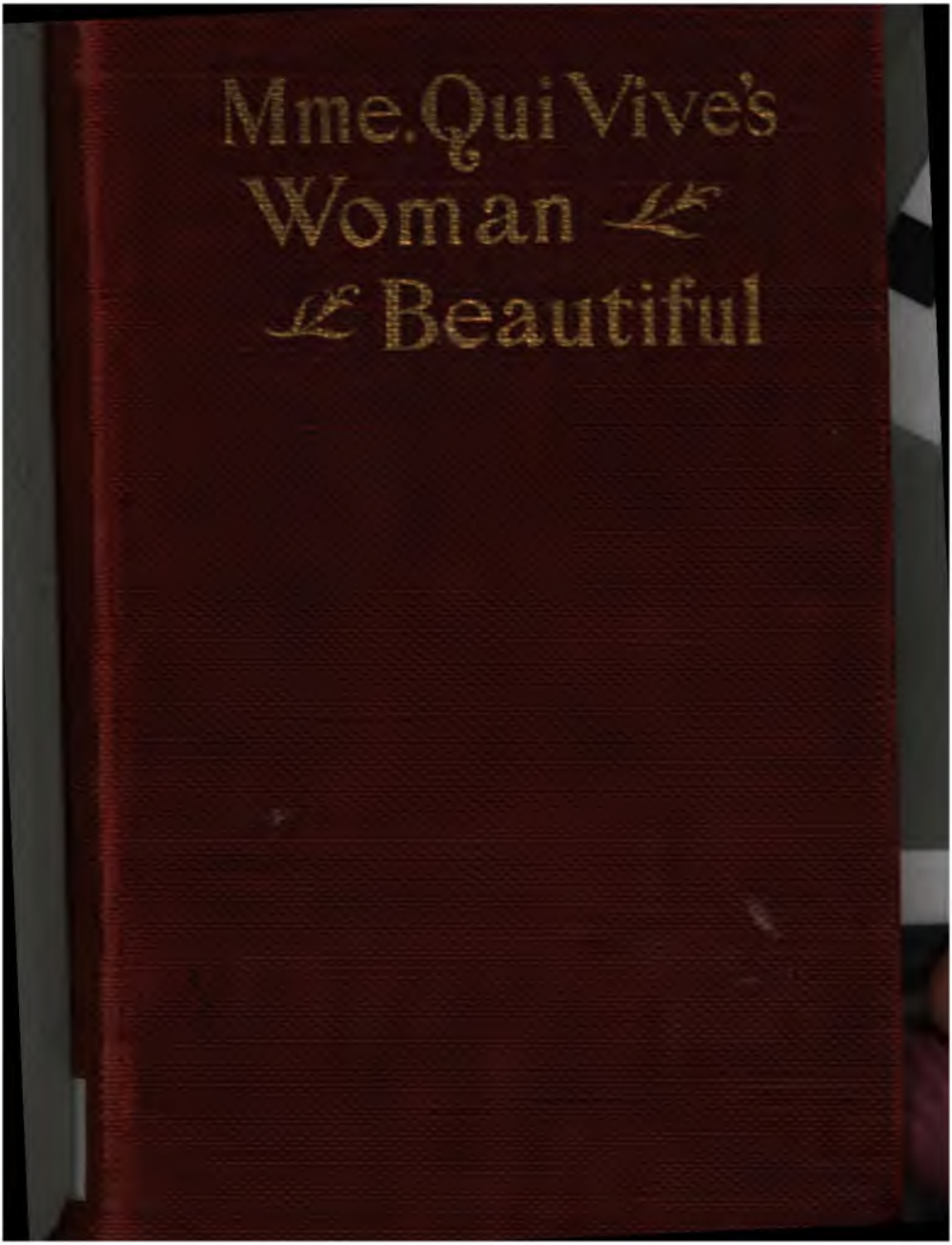
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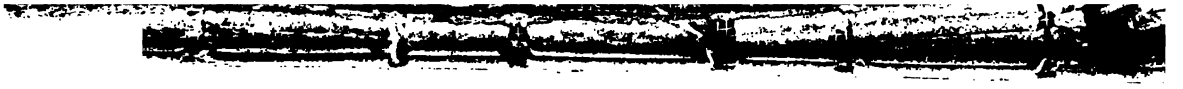

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Faithfully yours
Helen Foldett Stevens

/1176/

Autograph Edition

THE

WOMAN BEAUTIFUL

BY

MME. QUI VIVE

(HELEN FOLLETT STEVANS, OF THE "CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD")

Jameson, Helen Follett

CHICAGO

STEVANS & HANDY

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TO MY TIMES-HERALD CORRESPONDENTS—
AND EVERY WOMAN WITH A BEAUTY-WOE

My gratitude is due the *Chicago Times-Herald* for the privilege of reprinting most of the recipes and material in this book.

PREFACE

The Woman Beautiful is not a radiant creature of gorgeous plumage and artificial beauty, but a woman of wholesome health, good hard sense, sparkling vivacity and sweet lovableness. Her beauty-creed hangs not from rouge pots and bleaches, but suspends like a banner of truth from the laws of wise, hygienic living. Her cheeks are tinted with the glow that comes from good, well-circulated blood, her eyes are bright and lovely because her mind is so, and her complexion is transparent and soft and velvety for the reason that the true art is known to her. The Woman Beautiful is all sincerity. She doesn't like to sail under false colors and so insult old Dame Nature, whose kindnesses and benefits are so well meant and freely offered.

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The Woman Beautiful

THE COMPLEXION

The bloom of opening flowers, unsullied beauty,
Softness and sweetest innocence she wears,
And looks like Nature in the world's first Spring.
—*Rowe.*

Bad complexions cause more heartaches than crushed ambitions and cases of sudden poverty. The reason is plain. Ordinary troubles roll away from the mind of a cheery, energetic woman like water from a duck's back, but beauty worries—well! they have the most amazingly insistent way of sticking to one. You may say you won't think of them, but you do just the same.

It was always thus, and thus it always will be.

Diogenes searched untiringly for an honest man—so they say. Woman, bless her dear,

ambitious heart, seeks with unabating energy the ways and means of becoming beautiful.

After all, they're not so hard to find when once the secret of it is known. Like the keys and things rattling about in her undiscoverable pocket, they're right with her. If she will but stop her fretting for a moment, sit down and think, then gird on her armor and begin the task—why, that's all that's needed.

There are three great rules for beauty. The first is diet, the second bathing, and the third exercise. All can be combined in the one word health. But, alas! how few of us have come into the understanding of correct living! It is woman's impulse—so I have found—to buy a jar of cream and expect a miracle to be worked on a bad complexion in one brief night. How absurd, when the cause of the worry may be a bad digestion, impure blood or general lack of vitality! One might just as well expect a corn plaster to cure a bad case of pneumonia, or an eye lotion to remedy locomotor ataxia. The cream may struggle bravely and heal the little eruptions for a day or so, but how can it possibly effect a per-

manent cure when the cause flourishes like a blizzard at Medicine Hat or a steam radiator in the first warm days of April?

Cold cream, pure powders and certain harmless face washes are godsends to womankind, but they can't do everything! They have their limitations, just like any other good thing. You may have a perfect paragon of a kitchen lady, whose angel food is more heavenly than frapped snowflakes, but you can't really expect her to build you a four-story house with little dofunnies on the cupolas. Of course not. Angel cake is her limit! And that's the way with those lovely liquids and things on your pretty spindle-legged dressing table. They can do a good deal in the beautifying line, but they can't do everything. Give them the help of perfect health and scrupulous cleanliness of the skin, and lo! what wonders they will work!

There is but one way—and it's so simple—of making oneself good to look upon. Resolve to live hygienically. There is nothing in the world which works swifter toward a clear, glowing, fine-textured and beautiful complexion than a simple, natural diet of grains

and nuts and fruits. But you women—oh! it positively pains me to think of the broiled lobsters, the deviled crabs with tartar sauce, the pickles, and the conglomerate nightmare-lunches that you consume. And yet you're forever fussing over leathery skins, dark-circled eyes and a lack of rosy pink cheeks. Oh, woman! woman! why aren't you wise?

Here are some rules. They're golden, too:

Eat with wisdom and good sense. That means to pension off the pie and its companion workers of physical woe.

Take a tepid sponge bath every day, either upon arising in the morning or just before going to bed.

Limit the hot scrubbings to one a week.

Exercise with regularity, and dress as a rational human being should.

Drink three pints of pure, distilled water every day.

See that the bedroom is well ventilated, and don't heap up the pillows until you have a mountain range upon which to rest your poor, tired head. A flat bed and a low pillow help

toward a fine, straight figure and a good carriage.

Keep your feet warm. Give those pretty round yellow silk garters to the girl you hate, and invest in sensible hose supporters. If your circulation is defective, wear wool stockings.

Don't fret. Bear in mind what Sheridan said:

> "A night of fretful passion may consume
> All that thou hast of beauty's gentle bloom;
> And one distempered hour of sordid fear
> Prints on thy brow the wrinkles of a year."

Then rest. Don't, I beg of you, live on the ragged edge of your nerve force. You need quiet, and all you can get of it. We victims of civilization go through life at a breakneck gallop, and it's an immense mistake. Anyhow, those who know say so. And it sounds reasonable.

But, after all, the complexion is only a small part toward the making of a beautiful woman. The hair must be kept sweet and clean and healthy, and the teeth should be white and lovely. It was Rousseau, you know, who said

that no woman with good teeth could be ugly. Then the hands and nails must have proper attention. Deep breathing should be practiced daily and the body properly exercised. The carriage must be graceful, the walk easy and without effort, the eyes bright, the expression of the face cheerful and animated, the shoulders and head well poised—but all these are different stories. There's a chapter in each one of them.

Above all, remember this one rule: Don't fret. Don't wear a look of trouble and worry. Above everything else, remember those delicious lines of the immortal bard:

> "You have such a February face,
> So full of frost, of storm, of cloudiness."

And after remembering, refrain.

EXPRESSION.

One of the first things to remember in the cultivation of beauty is expression. Who doesn't enjoy looking upon the young girl, with a bright, cheerful face, laughing eyes and all that? Everybody! And when the grumpy

lady or the whiney lady or the lady of woes trots in and sullies your near landscape, how do you feel? Just about as cheery as if she'd come to ask you to attend a funeral!

My dear girls, it doesn't matter if you have got a freckle or two, or if your nose does tilt up just a little too much, if you have a jolly, bright face people will call you pretty. You can count on that every time. Good nature is a splendid beautifier. It brightens the eyes, discourages approaching wrinkles, and brings the apple blossom tints into your cheeks.

Another thing to remember is this: Keep the mind active. There's nothing that will make a stolid, bovine face like a brain that isn't made to get up and hustle. Don't sit around and read lovey-dovey novels or spend your time chatting with that stupid woman next door. Don't forget that life is short and there's not a moment to waste. When hubby discusses the question of expansion just pipe up and show him what you know about it. Don't get into an argument with him, but let him see that you read the papers and that you know a thing or two about passing events.

Then don't stay cooped up in the house. Go out every day, if it's only to the corner market, and if you have to wade through snowdrifts. In short, be up and doing. Don't dwell on past griefs or griefs that have not yet arrived. Study is mental development, and mental development usually means a bright, pleasing expression.

USELESS BEAUTY.

As a general rule, the man of brains and good sense—and he's the only man worth considering seriously—heartily despises the useless beauty. By this I mean the woman who is always togged up and crimped and curled and looks as if she were not worth a row of pins except as a means of livelihood to the modistes and the milliners and the hairdressers! The kind of beauty that I like is the sort that is active, doing, achieving, and working for some good. I believe, and fully too, that we can all appear at our best and yet not look as if we were made of cut glass and Dresden that would crack or break or peel off if the lake winds happened to take a fancy to blow our way.

It may sound at a frightful variance from the general preaching of the beauty teacher, but—between you and me and the ice cream soda that we do not drink because it upsets our stomachs and ruins our complexions—I have simply no use whatever for the little girl who puts in the entire day (and half the night) fussing over her complexion, kinking her hair into seventeen little twists and curlycues, and dabbling lotions and things on her nose till you can't rest. A certain amount of all this is necessary, but don't give your life over to it. The waste of time is enough to make one want to be a Patagonian lady whose sole adornments in the beautifying line consist of a necklace of elephant's teeth and a few Patagonian babies. When beautifying gets to the stage where one has no time for mental refurbishing it ceases to be beauty culture, and is simply nonsense and loss of time.

I can spot this class of women a block away. In my mind's eye I can see them fussing and primping for hours before they are ready to don their street clothes and get down into the shopping district for the day's work of pricing

real lace and buying hairpins. And I always look around me and think of what a vast deal of work there is in this great, big, sorrowful old world, and what direful need there is of every one pitching in and helping. To me, the useless woman is not a pretty woman. She is an ornament, like the shepherdess on the mantelpiece or the Spanish lady in the picture frame that hangs in the hallway. But the other woman—the pretty and the useful woman —oh, but she is a sight to make old eyes grow young. Her gown is spotless, her hair all fluffy and lovely, her hat just at the correct angle. She steps along quickly, and you know by the very air about her that she is a worker, be she of the smart set or of the humdrum life that toils and spins from morn till eve. Her eyebrows are not penciled, there is not a trace of rouge on her cheeks, but she is a healthy, well-built, active woman, whose very appearance of neatness, sweetness and buoyancy tells all who see her that she is a devotee of the daily bath, the dumb-bells, the correct and hygienic life.

In half an hour any woman should be able to take her plunge, coddle her complexion, dress

her hair, manicure her nails, and attend to her teeth. If more time be needed, then the work is hardly worth the while, for life is mighty short, my dears, and things that must be done pile up as the years go by. At night in fifteen minutes the face and hands can be well washed, the hair brushed and combed and plaited, the teeth well cleaned, and the complexion massaged with a little pure home-made cream. Of course, when the hair is shampooed or the nails manicured with particular care, or the complexion subjected to a thorough cleansing by steam or massage, then more time is necessary.

But the gist of it all is this: Let us not spend so much time on the exterior effect that we will forget that which is most necessary to a beautiful woman — the bright, interesting mind, the love of learning things, the desire to be keeping apace with just a little bit of the world's progress, and, best of all, teaching oneself how to live wisely and well. There never was—to my way of thinking—a brainless, silly woman who was beautiful. It takes the light of intellect, the splendor of sweet

womanliness, the glory of kindness, unselfishness and goodness to complete a perfect picture of "the woman beautiful."

WASHING THE FACE.

A good old stand-by query is about the simple matter of keeping one's face clean. There is no manner of doubt but that the hard water which we have in the cities is responsible for many complexion ills, and that we must not use it too generously upon our complexions if we long for the colors of the rose and the lily in our cheeks. There is nothing in the world so excellent as rain-water for the skin, but it's a great bulging problem as to how those of us who live in yardless flats and apartments can manage to catch the elusive rain-drops. We might as well hope to lasso an electric car and hitch it onto our back porches for the babies to play in, I think. When city people persist in telling others to wash their faces in rain-water and thus secure beauty everlasting and glorious, I always have a mental picture of a frantic lady with golden locks a-streaming and her eyes brimful of wildness, rushing madly down

the street with basins and things in her outstretched hands. It's all right if one has rain-barrels or cisterns, but, after years of perspiring and nerve-sizzling flat hunting, I have failed to find apartments provided with either of these luxuries. With folding beds built in the sleeping apartments and steam radiators with real steam in them, the landlords feel that their duties are done.

But to return to our muttons. Those who cannot have real rain-water should use the harder brand sparingly on their faces. A thorough scrubbing at night before going to bed is an absolute necessity, lest the pores of the skin become clogged with the smoke and dust of our murky atmosphere. A little castile soap and a camel's-hair face brush will assist the cleansing operation. To soften the water, I would advise the following delightful lotion:

Four ounces of alcohol.
One ounce ammonia.
One dram oil of lavender.

One teaspoonful to a large basin of water

is sufficient. To keep the skin free from harshness and on unpleasant terms with wrinkles and turkey tracks, a little pure cold cream should be used. If, in the morning, the skin has not absorbed all the oils of the cream, then wipe away with a cloth just slightly moistened. When at other times the face needs washing, let me suggest that this toilet milk be used. It is also excellent to apply before fluffing powder over the cheeks:

Milk of violets:

Cucumber juice, boiled and cooled, one ounce.

Spirit of soap, one ounce.

Rosewater or orange flower water, four ounces.

By remembering that there are two tablespoonfuls to the ounce, the measuring will not be at all difficult. If one wishes a stronger perfume add a few drops of violet extract. Whether rosewater or orange flower be used is left to one's own choice. They are equally excellent for the skin.

FACIAL ERUPTIONS AND BLACKHEADS.

With most women, pimples are caused by indigestion or constipation. Unless the body throws off its waste material as it should, the poisonous matter will endeavor to find a way out through the pores of the skin. The face, being the most sensitive, is usually the first part of the body to be afflicted. The remedy for facial blemishes is found in exercise, baths and a careful diet. And that reminds me that I would like to remark right here that the combinations that girls and women get when they order lunches are appalling enough to raise the hair right off one's head, most particularly if one has any idea at all of the general rules of hygiene and health.

It is just as easy to put beautifying foods into your stomach if you will but once make up your mind to it. And what a host of trouble it will save you! Not only in cosmetics, but doctor bills. What you eat is the fuel that keeps the engine of life going. Good food makes good strong muscles, pure blood and a fair, healthy, firm skin. If there are troublesome

little blotches on your face then mend your eating ways, even though it breaks your heart to give up those awful and indigestible dainties that you dote on so religiously. In place of the pastries and the sweets and the pickles and the highly spiced dishes, substitute fruit and vegetables. Save all those nickels and dimes that you invest in ice cream soda, and instead exchange them for lemons and oranges that will help drive away the unsightly pimples and red blemishes. If possible, make your entire breakfast of fruit, either cooked or raw. If the apples and oranges and peaches and pears do not make active the digestive organs, then go to a reliable druggist and have this harmless and excellent prescription filled:

Extract of dandelion, one dram.
Powdered rhubarb, q. s.

Divide into three and one-half grain pills and take one every night, or oftener if necessary.

A state of nervousness will ofttimes bring a heart-wringing crop of eruptions to the surface of the skin, and this condition is best remedied

by plenty of baths, lots of fresh air, exercise, and a stiff but cheerful determination to brace up and not have any nerves—which, by the way, is much easier said than done, as most of us know to our sorrow.

No matter of what order the facial eruptions may be, they must be treated with the greatest gentleness possible. There is nothing in the world worse than rubbing them with a coarse towel, a proceeding strongly advised by the old-fashioned ones who—bless their hearts—are so likely to stick to old-timey notions till the cows come home, no matter what arguments may be brought up to convince them of their mistaken views.

Pimples must never be irritated. Breaking or bruising the skin only adds to its diseased condition and general irritation. If the complexion is unsightly with red blotches, a solution of boric acid in boiling water, used warm, will be an effective lotion. Its application should, of course, be combined with proper living as laid out above, care being taken as to diet, exercise and the tepid daily bath. A good cold cream should also be used. I have

been told by many that continuous applications of creme marquise had done away with pimples and blackheads, and it is frequently found that nothing more than a sensible diet and some simple pure face cosmetic is needed. When the skin is merely inflamed—that is, red of color and very tender, there is nothing better than a soothing cream like this. Listerine, witch hazel and eau de cologne are all good as external lotions for pimples. A paste of sulphur and spirits of camphor, which should be put on at night and washed off the following morning, will do good work, provided the beauty patient knows the laws of health.

When there are both blackheads and pimples the latter must first be gotten rid of. When the skin is perfectly free of these, then begin with a camel's hair face-scrubbing brush to do away with the blackheads. Wash the face thoroughly with the brush every night just before going to bed, using warm water and pure castile soap. If the blackheads are very bad add alcohol to the water. That is very cleansing, but as it is also drying, a face

cream must be smeared on immediately after the face is rinsed and wiped. For some days it may seem that the pores are large and coarse and open, but they are simply undergoing a cleansing process that in the end will bring a lovely white, perfect skin. Whenever I hear women say that they never wash their faces, but use a cream instead, I always wonder if they really feel clean. I am sure I would not. Fancy the state of our hands were we never to wash them! And the face, having more oil glands, is in still greater need of soap and water. However, let me say right here that no soap at all is better than a cheap scented soap, and unless the very best and purest soaps can be had it is much more desirable to substitute almond meal or something of the sort. Treatment for blackheads calls for the same care of the health as does treatment for pimples.

TAN, SUNBURN AND FRECKLES.

Tan, like borrowing friends, and various other afflictions, is awfully easy to get, but really more than passing difficult to remove. It

is delightful to sit on a big bowlder that dots a great, lovely, sandy waste and watch your hands gradually turn from their customary whiteness to a deep burnt orange. One has to have something to show for a trip out of town, one thinks, else the doubting Thomases will arise and give vent to suspicions that one has been merely concealing oneself in an attic or back bedroom. It is pleasant, too, to go fishing, with a dainty, absurd little hat that, although it looks pretty, is about as useful as would be a beaten biscuit pinned to one's tresses. You feel your nose becoming unusually warm, and it begins to tingle and smart as if the pores were filling up with hot sand. All of which is quite in keeping with summer-resort existence, and you are as proud as Lucifer when you trail back to town to show this cerise-tinted evidence of your outing.

But the friends who you thought would envy you giggle and smirk and nudge each other and make suggestions that are supposed to be mirth-compelling. And then and there you decide to do differently next summer. A sunburned nose may be a treasurable possession

away from town, but back among the hosts of the city it is a different matter. More than that, it is an affliction.

If the weeks at the seashore or the lakes would only brown the summer girl it would not matter so much. But instead of making the skin a beautiful, poetical olive tint, it usually turns it to a hue which is best compared to the flaunting colors of the auctioneer's emblem. If the girl is reckless, if she runs here and there without a hat, and gives never a moment to the care of her skin, her own mother is not likely to recognize her unless the summer girl soon repents and mends her ways.

What mischief Old Sol cannot do, the brisk winds will contribute. The result is usually a red-eyed, red-nosed, flakey-skinned little woman, whom one would never suspect of having been rollicking through a few weeks of midsummer joys. If her ears are not blistered, her nose is, and if her complexion is not harsh and rough from lack of care, it is bespeckled with freckles and covered with a deep layer of golden brown tan that has distributed itself like patches on a crazy quilt.

There is not one woman in forty who can afford to ignore the ordinary precautions for preserving her complexion during the summer months.

A parasol is the first necessity. A white gauze veil is another, although this can be dispensed with if the skin is not particularly sensitive to sun and wind. Never, under any circumstances, must you bathe your face in soap and water before going out of door or just after coming in. This habit will make the freckles pop out in fine order. After coming in from a tramp or a fishing party bathe the face at once in half a cupful of sweet milk in which a pinch of soda has been dissolved. If this is inconvenient, as it often is when one is a hotel guest and not a cottager, then use a good face cream. Strong soaps containing an excess of alkali are bad enough at any time, but during the hot weather they are particularly trying to almost any skin. Too much care cannot be taken to get proper soaps.

The following sedative lotion applied to the face will prevent its tanning or freckling to any

extent, that is, if one takes proper care of one's skin:

Distilled witch hazel, 3 ounces.
Prepared cucumber juice, 3 ounces.
Rosewater, 1½ ounces.
Essence white rose, 1½ ounces.
Simple tincture of benzoin, one-half ounce.

After rubbing this into the skin with the finger tips and letting the cuticle absorb it well, apply a pure vegetable powder.

When the face becomes sunburned apply plenty of cold cream. But be sure that it is your own home-made cream, else you may be putting lard or something else on your face, which, in a most amazing short time, will produce a thrifty growth of tiny, fine hairs. And then you will wish you had never lived to see the coming of the "happy summer-time."

Lastly, to remove freckles, quickly apply lemon juice with a camel's hair complexion brush. Let the juice dry in and massage with creme marquise.

COMPLEXION POWDERS.

Whenever women fail for congenial topics of dispute they can always fall back on the old topic of the best face-powder.

"I have used that delightful velvety 'Blush Rose' for years and years," says Mrs. Lovely, "and I think it is simply fine."

"Blush Rose?" shrieks Mrs. Pretty. "Why, I wouldn't use that for a-an-any-thing! My husband's brother-in-law, who worked in a drug store, once told me that 'Blush Rose' had lead and bismuth and ever so many other dreadful, awful things in it. Now, I dote on 'Velvety Carnation.' I know that that is perfectly pure. And it sticks just like your husband's relatives—simply never lets go!"

"'Velvety Carnation!'" repeats Mrs. Lovely. "You poor child. I don't wonder that you have such a time with your skin—" And so on until both charming disputants march airily away, each deciding that the other will soon be in her grave if such foolishness in the choice of a face powder is continued.

Women need not discuss finances or peace

policies. They have their own little face-powder question that is good for all time to come, no matter whether we all go and settle in the Philippines or hand these interesting islands back to Spain with a "much-obliged, thank you." I have often thought how thankful we should all be that we are not Dahomey ladies, who have no opportunities for these pleasant little arguments. We may have to put up with a good many discomforts in our life of civilization, but we don't miss quite everything in the way of joys.

The formula for face powder which I am about to give is not only perfectly harmless, but of exceptional medicinal qualities. Nothing is better for an irritated skin than boracic acid, so the girl with facial eruptions can feel perfectly safe in using this powder. Oxide of zinc, in the quantity given, can do no possible injury; many of the manufactured preparations being made almost entirely of this ingredient.

Poudre des Fees (Fairy Powder):

1 ounce Lubin's rice powder.

3 ounces best, purest oxide of zinc.
½ ounce carbonate of magnesia, finely powdered.
20 grains boracic acid.
2 drops attar of rose.

When purchasing your ingredients ask the druggist to powder each separately in a mortar. First put your rice powder through a fine sieve, and then through bolting cloth. Do the same thing with the oxide of zinc, the magnesia and the boracic acid before adding them to the rice powder. When all are combined put twice through bolting cloth. After each sifting throw away any tiny particles that remain. It is very necessary that all the ingredients be made fine and soft and fluffy. Add the oil of rose last. By putting in the tiniest suggestion of finely powdered carmine you can get the cream powder, and by putting in still more you will have the rose or pink tint. While blonds, with clear, perfect skins, can use either the white or the pink very nicely, cream is the more acceptable color for brunettes.

Consuelo Powder:

5 ounces of talcum.
5 ounces of rice flour.
2½ ounces of the best zinc oxide.
2 drops each of oils of bergamot, ylang-ylang and neroli.

The three main ingredients should be sifted over and over again, and if flesh color is desired, a little carmine must be added, the sifting continuing. Then add the perfumes and sift again, so as to avoid any lumps.

A formula for violet powder is given in the chapter on perfumes.

WRINKLES.

It doesn't matter whether or not you are afflicted with wrinkles, it's an excellent thing to give them some attention. Freckles are bothersome and provoking, and red noses make us as cross as black cats, but wrinkles!—they are the worst of all, for with them comes the sickening realization that the freshness of one's complexion is beginning to fade, and that youth itself is slipping away.

It is before the lines really appear that they should be considered, for then they're much more easily managed than when they—with their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, to say nothing of grandmas and babies—settle down for a nice long stay. Wrinkles are worse than bogie men, and "they'll git you if yo' don't watch out!"

Wrinkles are unnecessary evils—anyway, until one gets to be a hundred or so. That is, if you are so lucky as not to have troubles enough to keep you awake six nights out of seven, which seems to be the case with most people these days. Even then perhaps you can deceive yourself into believing that life is one big, lovely, roseate dream after all. Worry is a paragon of a wrinkle-maker. And, by the way, did you ever know why?

It is not so much for the reason that screwing up the face traces lines and seams in the skin as it is because the fretting upsets the stomach. It has a most depressing effect on that hyper-sensitive organ. Haven't you often noticed what a finicky, doleful sort of an appetite you have whenever you are indulging in a

fit of the blues? The physiological explanation is the very close alliance of the great sympathetic nerves, which make up a little telegraph line more perfect and complete than any yet constructed by man. The poor, worn brain is fagged and tired. This fact is immediately communicated to the stomach, which, in true sisterly fashion, mopes and sulks out of sheer sympathy.

Then, of course, with an unruly digestion, all sorts of complications begin. The eyes get dull, the face thin and sallow, the complexion bad, and the flesh flabby. At that stage the wrinkles, with their aforesaid relatives, sail in upon the scene. And there you are! And—ten chances to one—it's a cheerful time you'll have getting rid of them.

That's why I say you must take them in hand before they arrive, and dole out discouragement to them by correct living and the necessary facial massage.

The skin of the face wrinkles exactly for the same reason and by the same mechanism that the skin of an apple wrinkles. The pulp of the fruit under the skin begins to shrink and con-

tract as the juices dry up, and, quite naturally, the skin which was once taut and smooth, now being much too large for the contents, puckers up and lays itself in tiny folds. It's the same way with the skin of the face. When the subcutaneous fat of the cheeks and brow—which, when we are young and plump and rosy, is abundant—begins to be absorbed and to gradually disappear, then the cuticle straightway starts in to shrivel and fall into minute lines.

So it is wisdom to anticipate the coming of wrinkles and lay plans to ward them off. Live after strict rules of hygiene, as told in the chapters on Exercise, Baths, Sleep, Diet, and Dress. Have a tonic method of living. Invigorate your muscles and the skin of your body by sponge baths and brisk drying with a coarse bath towel. Friction is a great beautifier. Eat only that food which is going to do you some good, and take your exercise with regularity. Add to this a happy, hopeful disposition of mind and a big fat jar of pure, properly-made skin food, then read the chapter on massage and follow the instructions given

therein. If any wrinkles or crow's feet come and lodge with you after that, then I'll take off my hat to their perseverance.

RECIPES FOR THE COMPLEXION.

In compounding face creams one cannot be too careful and painstaking. It is much like preparing a salad or a charlotte russe, either of which can be utterly ruined by lack of care—or too much fussing. The creme marquise is especially difficult for the woman who tumbles things together in a haphazard fashion. Unless compounded just so carefully, it will be likely to crumble, but when done according to directions it makes a cosmetic that is absolutely unrivaled. The other creams which follow this formula are more easily made for the reason that they contain less fats and are therefore less apt to separate from the rose-water. The creme marquise is a whiter, harder preparation than any of the others.

Creme Marquise:

¼ ounce of white wax.
2½ ounces of spermaceti.
2½ ounces of oil of sweet almonds.

1½ ounces of rose-water.
1 drop attar of rose.

Shave the wax and spermaceti, and melt in a porcelain kettle. Add the almond oil and heat slightly, but do not let boil. Remove from the stove and add the rose-water, to which the perfume has been added. Beat until creamy, and put in jars. Cease beating before the mass becomes really hard. Be sure that your druggist weighs the wax carefully, for too much of this ingredient will spoil the creme by making it too firm. This delightful preparation should be applied immediately after washing the face, but can be used at any time. It is absolutely harmless. Get the best materials —and see that your almond oil is the real thing instead of a cheap imitation, which acts almost as poison to the skin.

Strawberry Cream:
White wax, ½ ounce.
Spermaceti, ½ ounce.
Sweet almond oil, 2½ ounces.
Strawberry juice, ¾ of an ounce.
Benzoin, 3 drops.

Take large fresh berries. Wash and drain thoroughly. Macerate and strain the juice through a piece of muslin. Heat the white wax, the spermaceti and the oil of almonds. Remove from the fire and add the strawberry juice very quickly. Beat briskly till fluffy, adding the three drops of benzoin just as the mixture begins to cool. Put in jars and keep in a very cool place. This quantity will fill a three-ounce jar. Apply every night as a cold cream. This is particularly excellent for sunburn.

Orange Flower Skin Food:

Spermaceti, ½ ounce.
White wax, ½ ounce.
Sweet almond oil, 2 ounces.
Lanoline, 1 ounce.
Cocoanut oil, 1 ounce.
Tincture benzoin, 3 drops.
Orange flower water, 1 ounce.

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle. Take from the fire, and add the benzoin and the orange flower water, fluffing it with an egg-beater till cold. This recipe will

make five ounces, quite enough to prepare at one time. For those who dislike oily creams it will be found delightful, as the skin absorbs it. The mission of the skin food is to do away with wrinkles. Massage must, of course, accompany its application. For hollow cheeks or dry, rough skin it is unexcelled. Its fattening qualities plumpen the tissues and so raise the lines of the face and gradually obliterate them.

Clover Cream:

Spermaceti, 1 ounce.
White wax, 1 ounce.
Oil sweet almonds, 5 ounces.
Rose-water, 1⅞ ounces.
Powdered borax, 20 grains.
Essence of clover, 5 drops.

Dissolve the borax in the rose-water and add the essence of clover. Melt the white wax, the spermaceti and the oil of almonds, using a porcelain kettle, as tin or iron is injurious to the oils. When melted remove from the heat and add the rose-water (all at once). Then beat quickly with an egg-beater until the mixture is cold and firm. It is impossible for the rose-

water to separate from the oils if directions are carefully followed. The recipe given above will fill an eight-ounce jar, so perhaps one-half the quantity should be tried at first.

Camphor Cold Cream: Take one-half ounce each of spermaceti and white wax, melt and add three and one-fourth ounces of oil of sweet almonds, then add one-fourth ounce of camphor, broken into small pieces, and stir until dissolved. Then pour in one and one-half ounces of distilled water in which fifteen grains of borax have been dissolved. Stir until well mixed and beginning to thicken, then add four drops oil of rose, one drop oil of rose geranium, one drop oil of ylang-ylang, two drops tincture of musk, and two drops tincture of civet. Continue to beat until cold.

Cold Cream:

White wax, ½ ounce.
Spermaceti, ½ ounce.
Orange flower water, 2 ounces.
Almond oil, 4 ounces.

Melt all together gently and pour into cups

to cool. When cold pour off the water, remelt, and pour into jars to keep.

Oatmeal Lotion:

Two tablespoonfuls fine oatmeal.

Boil and strain. When cold add

One dessertspoonful of wine (white Rhine preferred), and the juice of one lemon.

Fluff over the face before going to bed, not wiping it all away. This is excellent for sallow complexion.

Rose Toilet Vinegar: This toilet vinegar is made by taking one ounce of dried rose leaves, pouring over them half a pint of white wine vinegar, and letting stand for two weeks. Then strain, throwing rose leaves away, and add half a pint of rose-water. It can be used either pure or diluted, and is especially good for an oily skin.

Lavender Lotion (to soften water):

4 ounces of alcohol.

1 ounce of ammonia.

1 dram oil of lavender.

Add one teaspoonful to two quarts of water.

A stringent Wash: Place in a half-pint bot-

tle one ounce of cucumber juice, half fill bottle with elderflower water, and add two tablespoonfuls of eau de cologne. Shake well and add very slowly one-half ounce simple tincture of benzoin, shaking the mixture now and then. Fill bottle with elderflower water.

This is very whitening, but its best mission is that of making large, open pores less noticeable and disfiguring.

Cucumber Milk:

Oil of sweet almonds, 2 ounces.
Fresh cucumber juice, 10 ounces.
White castile soap, ¼ ounce.
Essence of cucumbers, 3 ounces.
Tincture of benzoin, 38 drops.

Get the juice by slicing the cucumbers, unpeeled, boiling in a little water and straining carefully. The essence is made by mixing the juice with equal parts of alcohol. First dissolve the soap in the essence, add the juice, then the sweet almond oil very slowly, and finally the benzoin. Shake well for half an hour if possible. This is a most effective remedy for tan and sunburn.

CARE OF THE HAIR

Her luxuriant hair—it was like the sweep of a swift wing in visions.— *Willis.*

Pretty hair can redeem a whole host of irregular features. With little waves and kinks, and clinging, cunning tendrils that lie close to the temples, a "crown of glory" will transform an ordinarily plain woman into one passably good to look upon. If you doubt this, just create a mental picture of yourself in the last stages of a shampoo! Isn't it awful? The damp, straight locks hanging in one's eyes, and the long, fluffy strands, that aren't fluffy at all but as unwavy as a shower bouquet of macaroni, and the tag ends and whisps sprouting out here and there like a box full of paint brushes six ways for Sundays—well, one is always mentally thankful at such times that one's "dearest and best" isn't anywhere around to behold the horrible sight. But after awhile the long, damp tresses are patted and fussed

over until they are dry, and then they're combed out and curled up and kinked and twisted, and, oh, my countrymen, what a change is there! The harsh lines of the mouth are softened, the eyes look bright and pretty, the complexion comes out in all its sweetness like the glorious rainbow of a week ago.

It makes all the difference in the world!

But of course you will straightway exclaim: "That's all right to say about those lucky girls who have nice long tresses, but how about us poor mortals whose 'crown' consists of eighteen hairs of eighteen different lengths, and all of them falling out as fast as they can?" To be sure, conditions do—once in a while—alter cases. But I claim, and always will claim —till the day comes when beauty matters won't matter at all—that every woman can have pretty hair if she will take the time and use the good, uncommon sense which seems necessary to acquire it.

You know, and I know, and every other woman knows, that women treat their hair as they treat their watches — to unpardonable abuse. Of course, one's hair isn't dropped on

the sidewalk or prodded with stickpins until the mainspring breaks, but it is subjected to even deeper and more trying insults. One night, when the little woman is in a real good, amiable mood, the tresses are carefully taken down, brushed, doctored with a nice "smelly" tonic, patted caressingly and gently plaited in nice little braids. The next night it is crimped until each individual hair has acute curvature of the spine; then it is burned off in chunks and triangles and squares; it is yanked out by the handfuls, it is wadded and twisted and tugged at and built up into an Eiffel tower, and—after a few hours of such torture—the little woman takes out the sixty odd hairpins, shakes it loose, gets every hair into a three-ply tangle of its own, and then hops into bed! When she gets up in the morning she pulls out and combs out more hair than she can make grow in after seven months' careful treatment.

I tell you that is the one great trouble with women. They will not stick to one particular method. If they feel like fussing and coddling they will, but if they're tired or cross or in a

hurry to get to sleep, well, they just let their hair take care of itself. One's tresses need regular care just as do plants or babies or people. Make up your mind that you have hit upon the best way to treat your hair and then stick to it, no matter whether school keeps or not.

To disentangle the hair use only a coarse comb, being sure that every tooth is smooth and firm, so that it will not tear or split the silky fibers. The fine comb is a thing of horror, and has no place upon the dressing-table. It irritates the scalp, bringing forth a prosperity year crop of dandruff and attendant unhappiness. Added to this, it splits the hair shafts and injures the roots.

Brushing the hair is sadly overestimated. A dozen or two strong strokes each night will remove the day's dust and dirt, will promote circulation and sweep out flaky matter. The brushing must be done firmly but gently, and not with the violent methods of a carpet sweeping machine. Really, it is simply appalling the way some women dress their hair. A few tugs and yanks with a comb of

uneven, unsmooth teeth, a scattering brushing back of scolding locks, some singes here and there with a red-hot curling iron, a twist, a roll, a pat and the application of a dozen hairpins, and the hairdressing for the day is done.

Instead, the comb should be used with gentleness, not dug into the scalp, as is the practice of some mistaken beskirted mortals. There is an old saying to this effect: "Wash the scalp, but not the hair; comb the hair, but not the scalp," which saying, I leave to you, is good enough to paste in one's hat—or rather on the back of one's hair brush.

After the brushing each night it is an excellent plan to part the hair into small strands and wipe off with a cloth slightly moistened. This is a sort of sponge bath which tones and invigorates the growth.

Combs should never be washed, but cleaned with a stout thread. Brushes, however, must have frequent washings in warm ammonia water, taking care to keep the backs dry. They should never be put in the sunlight when wet, but left to dry in an open window.

Curling irons certainly do heaps of damage.

Any woman who has ever found herself suddenly bereft of a nice fluffy bang, and in its place a stubby little burned-off fringe, will say that this is true, while those numerous hair-crimping girls who have known the humiliating and painful experience of having a hot curling iron do frolics down their backs can add startling testimony, and, what is more, show disfiguring scars as proof.

If the iron is used carefully and at proper heat, the hair is not injured. But certain it is that when the iron is smoking-hot it kills the life and lovely texture of the hair. Besides, how very ugly and unkempt those burned little ends look! It was surely not of such that Pope wrote:

> Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
> And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Soft papers in which the short locks are wound is a good method for the girl who singes her top-knot every time she tries to curl a few little tendrils. Kid curlers are all right, providing the hair does not become entangled in the small ends, and so have to be torn when the hair is taken down. There is a certain

secret in the hair-curling process which is too intangible for written description. The hair must not be wound tightly and the effect must be loose, fluffy and natural.

The great necessity for keeping the hair perfectly trimmed is to rid it of the split ends, for hair cannot be nice under such conditions. When the nourishment within each hair shaft does not extend the full length, then the hair cracks into several finer hairs, and one of these perhaps resumes the growth. That leaves a rough, bad shaft. The best way to keep the hair clipped properly is to twist it in rolls and to singe off all the little ends that stick out.

It is almost impossible to state positively how often the hair should be shampooed. Oily hair needs a thorough washing every two weeks, while drier tresses should not be given a bath oftener than once a month. Half the reason for falling hair, or hair that seems never to grow, is caused by improper shampooing. The scalp must be kept scrupulously clean. And I doubt very much whether the soap and soiled water can be thoroughly rinsed out with-

out the use of running water, the bath spray being the most convenient means of getting this. How often, after washing one's hair, one finds a white, sticky substance clinging to the teeth of the comb! This should never be, and the hair must be continually washed until it is fluffy and soft and absolutely without any suggestion of the shampoo. When the hair is very oily a dessertspoonful of ammonia and a pinch of borax should be added to two quarts of warm water. This will soften the water and make the soap more easily rinsed out of the hair. The liquid verbena soap makes a delightful shampoo. Recipe can be found at the end of this chapter.

When shampooing, rub the lather through the strands gently, and with the finger tips remove all the little particles of dust and dandruff which may be clinging to the scalp. And may I gently suggest that you do not go at the task as if you were scrubbing a grease spot out of a rug? You must neither dig the scalp with your nails nor wring out your hair as you would a wash-rag. Try not to get your hair into a more mussed-up and

tangled condition than is absolutely necessary. After using the bath spray liberally dry with warm towels, then—if possible—get some one to vigorously massage the scalp. This will almost invariably prevent one from taking cold. Never begin combing out your locks until they are nearly dry. A sun bath of twenty minutes is a good tonic.

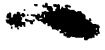
Occasionally an egg shampoo is more beneficial than the usual one of soap. This is especially true when one has just recovered from a fever or when one's scalp is in an unhealthy condition or afflicted with dandruff. The rosemary formula is very effective.

Dandruff is nearly always the result of neglect. If the scalp is washed as frequently as it should be, dandruff is not so likely to accumulate, although it is a perfectly natural formation. When the hair is excessively oily or the scalp unusually crowded with dandruff, the weekly shampoo should not be neglected.

Blond hair should always be washed with the yolk of an egg, as that will make it keep its golden tints. Mixing the egg with a pinch of borax and a pint of warm water is a good plan.

Hair dyeing is one of the mistakes of unwise femininity. All dyes containing either mercury or lead are very dangerous. But why should women dye their hair? Goodness only knows. One might as well ask why women fib about their age, or why women shop three hours just to buy a pair of dress shields. There are some questions of life which we are destined never to solve. There is nothing lovelier than white hair. Combine with it a fine complexion and a pair of animated brown eyes and you have as picturesque a beauty as ever awakened emotions in the heart of man. But, nevertheless, women moan and wail over every stray gray hair. They go off downtown and proceed to lug home a cartload of mysterious bottles which they keep religiously away from hubby's investigating eye. I won't tell the result of the experience, for it is too well known. It is a certain episode through which half the women of forty years have passed—sooner or later. When comes the desire to transform those little threads of silver into deeper shades remember the charming lines of Bancroft:

"By common consent gray hairs are a crown



of glory, the only object of respect that can never excite envy."

Unknown washes, as well as dyes, do great mischief. Good health, wholesome food and proper care of the scalp are the three most important essentials toward beautiful and luxuriant hair. There are some simple lotions, harmless and easily prepared, which will assist the growth and nourish the roots.

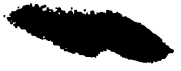
DRESSING THE HAIR.

It has always been a double-turreted wonder to me why romancers are forever harping about heroines with "tresses in artistic disarray." All the tresses in such condition that I have ever gazed upon have looked most slovenly and ofttimes positively waggish. How any one can think that a girl with a tangled braid hanging down her back, a little wad over one ear, a ragged, jagged fringe edging its way into her eyes and half a dozen little wisps standing out here and there in haystack fashion—how one can even fancy that such a head as that is pretty is more than I can explain. Clothes may make the man, but

rational hairdressing goes a pretty long way toward making the woman. Observe my lady in curl-papers and my lady togged up for a dinner party. Comment is unnecessary, for you have all seen her—or yourselves, which is quite the same thing.

Those fortunate women to whom straight hair is becoming should never indulge in curls. There is nothing prettier than hair drawn loosely away from the face. It leaves displayed those lovely lines on the temples about which artists and poets go mad. As to the style of dressing one's hair, that must be left solely to one's taste. If the lines of the head, the shape of the face and the hair itself are studied a bit the solution of the most becoming coiffure is very easily solved.

A head that looks like a wax image in a hairdresser's window is certainly anything but pretty. Neither is it artistic, for the correctly crimped and waved side-locks are too mechanically planned to look at all natural. To nearly all women the plainer the mode of hairdressing the more becoming it is. That does not mean that you should comb your hair



straight back and wad it into a funny little bump. Quite the contrary. Comb it back if you will, but have the coil loose and graceful. It is very bad for the hair either to be pulled back tightly or to be closely arranged. Ventilation is necessary, and, by the way, caressing and smoothing the hair with the fingers is a good tonic for its growth and beauty.

A few loose short curls about the face seem necessary to the good looks of the majority of women, but the heavy bang was shelved years ago. Wasn't it hideous? But perhaps you are too young to remember. Get out the family album, then, and see for yourself.

There are certain rules for hairdressing that were just as good in Eve's hairpinless age as they will be a hundred years hence. By keeping these rules in mind you can make a picture or a cartoon of yourself, just as you wish. The one thing to remember is that the lines and proportions of the face must be carefully considered and a mode of hairdressing adopted which will lessen and not exaggerate those lines and proportions. Be alert to your defects, and do not forget that what may be

essentially appropriate for one woman will be dismally inappropriate for another.

Suppose a woman has a square, heavy jaw. She is just the one who flings defiance at prevailing fashions and clings to the dear old straight bangs deep over her eyes. The heavy chin makes a straight line, the heavy fringe makes another, and the result is that her face is as perfectly square as rules and measurements could make it. Let this deluded lady shake herself together and mend her ways. By making the top of her head appear wider the broad jaws will—according to all laws of reasoning—seem to be narrower. A few dainty puffs towering up prettily and a soft, fluffy fringe left flying out over the ears will not only add grace to the forehead but lighten the heaviness of the lower part of the face. A bow of ribbon or any other perky little headdress will detract from the straight cross lines.

Then there is the woman with the sharp chin, the woman of the wedge-shaped face. She invariably wears her hair over her ears and so elongates the V lines of her chin. By

arranging the hair close to the sides of her head and putting it in a soft low coil on the top a much more pleasing effect can be got.

The same rule for the heavy-chinned woman applies to the chubby, fat-faced feminine mortal. The "roly-poly" visage looks less "roly-poly" when the front hair is drawn back and up in pompadour style and the long tresses piled into a nice little tower. The pompadour mode of hairdressing also holds good with the girl whose eyes are set too high. This helps along the old-time idea that the eyes of a woman should be in the middle of her head—that is, that they must be set midway between the bottom of the chin and the top of the hair.

For the women with eyes set too low an exactly opposite arrangement should be adopted. Instead of drawing the hair away from the face, bring it down to it. Part the hair and let it come low on the temples and brow.

I have never seen anything or anybody look much funnier than does a woman with a sharp-

pointed nose and a pysche knot. The nose bumps out in the front and the wad of hair sticks out in the back with a similarity that is positively convulsing to any one with half an eye for the humorous. It gives one an idiotic longing to take a measuring rule and find out the exact distance from "tip to tip." Another waggish picture is made by the snub-nosed girl with her hair arranged à la Madonna. These long hirsute lamberquins on either side of her face make the poor little nose appear even smaller, like unto a wee dab of putty or a diminutive biscuit.

Don't caricature your facial defects. Don't get the lines of your head and face "out of drawing." Don't twist your hair up after every new fashion that chances to come along. Study the contour of your head from every side and then adopt that style of hairdressing which at once brings out the good points and conceals the bad ones. The most becoming coiffure is the one that gives the most artistic balance to the face. What will do for the fat, dumpy Miss Plump will make a human joke out of the lank, willowy Miss Slender.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

If there is one blemish more than another that gnaws out our very heart supports and gives a good hard case of nervous chills, it is this. What woman can look at another so afflicted without a feeling of deep pity? There is something so masculine and altogether impossible in a bearded lady, even if she be merely a poor imitation of the real exhibited thing.

Unless proper means are taken to abolish it, superfluous hair should be left religiously alone. The more it is pulled out or irritated the lustier and heartier will be the growth that follows. As for cutting it—well! who does not know what the result is sure to be? A challenging Kaiser William mustache, maybe, or perchance a Herr Most style of hirsute trimmings. In applying creams of any sort to the face, it is wisdom to leave the upper lip untouched with the cosmetic, although one may feel perfectly safe in using home-made emollients which do not contain animal fats. Heat, rubbing and friction are all conducive to

the pests, and such oils and fats as vaseline, glycerin, olive oil and mutton tallow or suet should never be used. Depilatories likewise should be shunned. The powdered preparations are usually composed either of sulphite of arsenic or caustic lime, and merely burn the hair off to the surface of the skin. It seems quite impossible for any such powder to kill or dissolve the hair roots without injury. The sticky plasters, made of galbanum or pitch, and which are known as "heroic" measures, are equally undesirable, since they are not permanent cures any more than the depilatory powders. The worst feature of these cures is that for every hair pulled out or burnt off a coarser one takes its place, and for every tiny, downy growth a fully developed hair appears. Of course, the plaster removes this soft lanuginous growth with the hardier one, and for that reason should be left severely alone. The tweezers are therefore less objectionable than the plaster, but this is such a painful way of getting happiness that I cannot advise it.

There is no doubt but that electrolysis is the best cure. The only objection to this is that

an incompetent operator will cause her patron considerable pain, and will also be likely to scar the skin. A dainty little woman who has been an expert in this work for years tells me that it is not at all necessary for the beauty patient to hold the little handles—I know not the technical term—of the battery, although this causes a little more careful work on the part of the operator. At the same time, it makes the operation less painful, and really not at all hard to endure. The general desire to have the work done quickly causes the scars. If the hairs are picked out here and there and not close together the skin can heal and the rest of the horrors be destroyed at the next sitting. To remove a very prolific growth several "seances" will be necessary. But the result will be clear, unscarred skin, and no future chance of the wee worries coming back to bring heart-hurts and mental agony.

To those who have any timidity at all about the electric needle, there is peroxide of hydrogen and diluted ammonia. Use one as a lotion one night and the other the next. This will often prove a permanent cure, while a better,

less noticeable state is certain. The remedy is one, however, that will take time and patience. The superfluous hair will gradually become light-colored and almost white, and the ammonia will, if used persistently, deaden the growth. Do not expect the bleach to take effect right away, for it won't. If the skin is at all irritated rub on pure, thick cream.

RECIPES FOR THE HAIR.

Liquid Verbena Soap: Cut in small pieces one-half pound of pure imported castile soap. Put in porcelain kettle with two quarts of warm water and dissolve by boiling. When cold it should be of the consistency of rather thin cream; if thicker, add more water. Stir in one-fourth pint of alcohol and let stand several days in a warm room. All the alkali and impurities will settle to the bottom of the bottle, leaving the liquid as clear as crystal. Pour off carefully, leaving the residue for kitchen purposes. Perfume with a few drops of oil of verbena, or any scent one may prefer. A small quantity of this used in the shampoo is delightfully cleansing.

Shampoo for Dandruff:

Yolk of one egg.

One pint of warm water.

One ounce spirits of rosemary.

Follow with thorough washing with liquid verbena soap.

Egg Shampoo: Shake the yolk of an egg in a pint of alcohol, strain and bottle. To a bowl of warm water add two tablespoonfuls of the liquid.

Dandruff Cure and Hair Tonic:

Forty-eight grains resorcin.

One-fourth ounce glycerine.

Alcohol sufficient to fill a two-ounce bottle.

Apply every night to the scalp, rubbing it in well. This is good for falling hair.

Lemon Hair Wash (for blond tresses):

One ounce salts of tartar.

Juice of three lemons.

One quart of water.

Apply a cupful to the hair and scalp just before the shampoo.

Quinine Tonic for Oily Hair:

One-half pint alcohol.

One-half pint water.

Thirty grains of quinine.

Apply every other night, rubbing into the scalp.

Hair-curling Fluid: Mix one and one-half drams of gum tragacanth with three ounces of proof spirits and seven ounces of water. Perfume with a drop or two of attar of rose. If too thick add a little rose-water.

THE HANDS

"I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopia's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er."

—*Shakespeare.*

Pretty hands—like sweet tempers and paragons of husbands—are largely a matter of care and cultivation. Much more so, in fact, than most of us are aware. While tapering fingers and perfect palms count for considerable, the general beauty of the hand lies not in its correct outline so much as in the whiteness and velvety softness of the skin and the perfectly trimmed, well-kept nails. I have seen hands as plump as rotund little butter rolls, with fingers like wee sausages, and I have also gazed upon long, slender hands as perfect of form and proportion as any hand ever put into a Gainsborough masterpiece. And both have been called beautiful. Of course, we all know that the Gainsborough model is perfection, but

nevertheless we can content ourselves with the knowledge that really ideal hands are as rare as a few other nice things in this world, and that we can struggle along very well with our good imitations providing we are able to keep them clean and well groomed.

The poets have raved their wildest over the beauty of women's hands from the time when Adam had his first desire to write jingles—if he ever was so silly—to the present day of Kipling's entrancing verse. Shakespeare in his many tributes to the unfortunate young Juliet spoke of the "white wonder" of her hands, and there has probably never lived a versifier who has not, at one time or another, gone into paroxysms of poetry over "lovely fingers," and "dainty palms," and all that. And I don't wonder, do you? for a woman's hand—when it is beautiful—is certainly a most adorable thing. It should be soft and yielding and caressing—with small, dainty joints, a satiny surface and carefully manicured nails of shell-pink tint.

First of all, tight sleeves and very tight gloves must be condemned. Next, relaxation

and repose are to be cultivated. A beautiful hand that fidgets continually is not to be admired for anything beyond its ceaseless efforts to be doing. Ben Jonson once said: "A busy woman is a fearful nuisance," and it's more than likely that he had in mind some fussy dame whose nervous fingers were everlastingly picking at things and continually on the wiggle.

The hand can easily be taught to move gracefully. The ordinary Delsarte movements of swinging the wrist backward and forward, of raising the hands high above the head, and the general exercises for the cultivation of gesture and expression are all good and can bring about the habit of spontaneous relaxation and activity. No gestures at all, though, are better than awkward ones.

Large joints are very unsightly. It is said of the Countess of Soissons that she never closed her hands for fear of hardening the joints. Funny, isn't it, to what extremes those old-time ladies went? And yet the Nordauites say we are degenerates!

Of Mme. Crequy it is recorded that "she was

a woman most resolute," and in proof of that assertion the chronicler says that if no lackey were within call she opened the doors herself —without fear of blistering her hands! It was the desire for dainty, delicate white hands that first gave nice little boys the task of trotting after stately dames and carrying my lady's prayerbook or fan. Fancy one of those porcelain-like creatures of helplessness hanging onto the strap in a State Street cable car! Perish the thought! And what a jolly time Mme. Crequy would have had could she have indulged in a Christmas shopping scrimmage. After a few tussels with the swing doors that bar our entrance to the big stores, Mme. Crequy would have blistered her hands to the queen's taste and the poultice stage. There's no chance of a doubt about that.

BATHING THE HANDS.

With the hands, as with almost everything else in the strife toward beauty culture, cleanliness is the first great essential. You cannot keep your hands smooth and pretty without an occasional hard scrubbing. Unless the hands are

unusually moist naturally, hot water should not be used. Have the bath tepid—just warm enough to be cleansing. Say a fond farewell to all highly-scented soaps and bring yourself down to a steady and constant faith in the pure white imported castile. I doubt very much if there is a soap manufactured which can equal this for its harmlessness and purity. The best way is to buy a large bar, letting it dry thoroughly, and cutting off small slices as they are needed.

Never fail to let the soapy water out of the basin and fill again with a clear rinsing bath. When drying be sure that the towel is not coarse or rough, and that it absorbs every particle of moisture. Very gently press back the cuticle around the nail. A little orange-wood stick or a piece of ivory will assist you when the skin is inclined to stick close to the nail. Let the hands have their most cleansing bath just before you go to bed, and then is the time to apply your cold cream or cosmetic jelly, which—in nearly all cases—is all that is needed to keep the hands soft and nice.

Wearing gloves at night is very uncomfort-

able and quite unnecessary. Lotions can be put on an hour or so before one goes to bed, and by that time they are usually pretty well absorbed into the cuticle.

If the hands are red use lemon juice, applying cold cream as soon as the juice is dry. For callous spots rub with pumice stone.

CARE OF THE FINGER NAILS.

There has been a great change in manicuring methods of late. The old steel implements of torture are banished, and the ivory instruments have long since taken their place. Steel should never be put to the fingers, except to use the scissors when the nails are too long, or to trim the skin in order to free it from hangnails. The best operators no longer cut away the cuticle about the base of the nail, and the manicure who does that nowadays is not a student of the French method of manicuring, which supplanted every other some time ago. The same effect—and better, in fact—is got by simply pressing back the flesh with the end of an ivory or orange-wood instrument. The gouging and snipping, so irritating to a person

of nerves, is thus avoided. However, if you only know how, you can manicure your nails at home and they will look every bit as well as if you trotted downtown and spent half a day and a nice big dollar.

Fill a china wash basin with a suds of warm water and castile soap. Soak the hands for five minutes. With an old soft linen towel push back the skin around the nails. If there are hangnails snip them away carefully. Cutting the cuticle at the base of the nail was a barbaric feature of a new science which disappeared when it became more rational and refined. Never, under any circumstances, must the inside of the nail be scraped with a sharp instrument. Another thing to be avoided is the vulgar application of pink nail cosmetics. Who has not seen a pretty hand made hideous by nails all gummed up with red paste? Oh, yes, and claw-like nails! They, too, have been "called in," now that progress, good sense and civilization go marching on at a two-step pace.

The nails should be trimmed the same shape as the finger tips, and left neither too long nor

too short. There's a happy medium that is easily discovered, because of its usefulness, its convenience, and its artistic beauty. A too-highly polished surface is also a vulgarity invented by the old-time manicure. A little powder rubbed briskly on the nail with a heavily padded polisher is a great improvement, but when the nails shine with door-knob brilliancy it's high time to call a halt. As for jagged, uneven nails—there's no excuse for them.

RECIPES FOR THE HANDS.

Cosmetic Jelly: Take thirty grains of gum tragacanth, soak in seven ounces of rose-water for two days, strain through muslin and add one-half ounce each of glycerin and alcohol, previously mixed. This dries in a moment after application.

Glycerin Balsam:

White wax, one-half ounce.

Spermaceti, one ounce.

Oil of sweet almonds, four and one-half ounces.

Glycerin, one and one-half ounces.

Oil of rose geranium, eight drops.

Melt the oils. Remove from fire and beat in the glycerin and perfume. Stir briskly until cold and white.

Creme Duchesse:

Benzoinated mutton tallow, three ounces.
Oil of sweet almonds, one ounce.
Glycerin, two drams.
Rose-water, two drams.
Oil rose geranium, twenty drops.

Heat the tallow and oil of almonds in one vessel and the other three ingredients in another. Mix the two and stir until cold. On account of the mutton tallow, which might possibly cause a growth of superfluous hair, this cream is not desirable as a face cosmetic. The benzoinated mutton tallow can be made by taking one-half pound of the tallow and one-half ounce of the benzoin, and keeping at a high temperature until the alcohol has completely evaporated. Strain through muslin.

Almond Meal:

Orris root in fine powder, four ounces.
Wheat flour, four ounces.

White castile soap, powdered, one ounce.
Powdered borax, one ounce.
Oil of bitter almonds, ten drops.
Oil of bergamot, one fluid dram.
Tincture of musk, one-half fluid dram.
Mix well and pass through a sieve.

To make the hands soft: Take one quart of warm water, and in it soak one-half pound of oatmeal over night, then strain and add one tablespoonful of lemon juice and one teaspoonful each of olive oil, rose-water, cologne, glycerin and diluted ammonia. Rub into the skin three times a day.

To plumpen the hands: One-fourth ounce tincture of benzoin, eight ounces of rose-water, and four ounces of refined linseed oil. Rub in morning and night. This is equally nice for the neck and arms.

Wash:
Rosewater, three ounces.
Bay rum, 2 ounces.
Glycerin, one-half ounce.
Borax, one-half ounce.

Amandine:

Blanched bitter almonds, three and one-half ounces.

Powdered orris root, three-fourths ounce.

Powdered white castile soap, three-fourths ounce.

Glycerite of starch, one and three-fourths ounces.

Clarified honey, one ounce.

Oil of lavender flowers, one-half dram.

Oil of bergamot, one-half dram.

Oil of bitter almonds, four drops.

Beat the blanched almonds with a small quantity of water to a smooth paste, add the other ingredients, and mix intimately. A solution of cochineal will color it.

THE EYES

"Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest star did ye drink in your liquid melancholy?"—*Bulwer Lytton.*

You would think, wouldn't you, that women would be good to themselves? But they aren't. Not a bit of it! They abuse their complexions with cosmetics as deadly as Mrs. Youngwife's first plum pudding. They "touch up" their tresses with acids terrific enough to remove the spots of a leopard. They paddle around in the rain like ducks in petticoats and overshoes, and then sit down and chat with the woman next door for a whole hour, so that the damp skirts can more properly inaugurate a horrible cold that will settle down and stay for six weeks or more. And their eyes—but that's a story in itself.

An oculist once said that every dot in a woman's veil was worth $5 to the gentlemen of his profession. The eye is being constantly strained to avoid these obstacles in its way,

and, of course, it is weakened and tortured. Think of a woman paying $1.50 for something that will, in time, destroy her eyesight just as sure as fate! I leave it to you if she's not a ninny? But women do these things in spite of everything—except when the overworked eyes begin to pain, and then they're glad enough to do almost anything for quick relief.

To keep one's eyes in good, healthy condition, rigid laws must be laid down and carried out, though the heavens fall and the floods descend and everything gets up and floats out into Lake Michigan. You must not read in bed, and you must kiss good-by to that becoming black veil of many dots and spots.

When you crawl out of bed in the morning do not dig your fists into your eyes and rub and rub until, when at last you do open those sleepy "windows of the soul," there is two of everything in the room, and big black spots are whizzing through the air. Pressure on the eyeball flattens the lens of the eye, and is sure to produce myopia, or shortsightedness. If the eyes are not inflamed at all they should be washed every morning in moderately cold

water. In case of inflammation an application of hot water and milk in equal parts will be found most beneficial. Dry with a piece of old, soft linen, being sure to wipe inward toward the nose so as not to issue invitations to those horrors of womankind—crow's feet! Great care should be taken to keep all foreign substances, especially soap and other irritants, from the delicate skin of the lids, and particularly from the still more sensitive eyeballs.

Gaslight brings direful havoc to good eyes, especially when the flame is in a mood to flicker and splutter, as gas sometimes does. Take a faint, wavering light and a piece of embroidery and you have as fine a recipe for premature blindness as can be unearthed in a month of Sundays. Sewing in the twilight is equally disastrous, as is the habit of facing the light when writing or reading.

Few women realize the great need of resting the eyes occasionally, and the unhappy result of trying them to the utmost limit. The very moment that the eyeballs ache work should be suspended, no matter how necessary or urgent. Rose-water and plantain in equal parts makes a

refreshing wash, and elderberry water is said to be good when there is a disagreeable itching.

If the eyes are hot and watery use hot water which has been poured over rose leaves. Witch hazel, that good old stand-by, is always refreshing and is especially good when combined with camphor water. It is best when applied at night and allowed to dry on the lids. Weak tea, which is the eye tonic of our grandmothers, is also splendid.

A lotion that has been tried over and over again and found excellent for tired and inflamed eyes, is made by rubbing one teaspoonful of pulverized boracic acid in fifteen drops of spirits of camphor and pouring over this two-thirds of a cup of hot water. Stir and strain, and use as needed.

To brighten the eyes, steep good green tea in rose-water, soak bits of absorbent cotton in the liquid, and bind on at night.

For granulated lids—and what is more maddening and painful?—make an alum paste. This is done by rubbing a small piece of alum into the white of an egg until a curd is formed.

Apply to the lids upon retiring at night, tying a piece of soft linen over the eyes.

So many girls say that they look a fright in eyeglasses, and ask if they should wear them. Most certainly if the eyes are worn out and failing. An oculist of the very best reputation should be consulted. The fee does not exceed that of the quack, and the eyes are tested with greater thoroughness. Glasses must be chosen with the utmost care, as ill-fitting lenses can make a great deal of trouble. They are worse than no glasses at all. Then, after eyeglasses are put on, they must be changed now and then to suit the changing conditions of the sight. If the eyes are not in a bad state, wearing spectacles for a few months may strengthen them so that the glasses can be discarded. Also, if the oculist knows his business as he should, he can give you much valuable information concerning the care of your eyes.

THE GIRL WHO CRIES.

Now, about the girl who weeps. You don't see many of her these days. Women used to think that big, sad eyes, just ready to send

forth a November gale of tears, was quite the proper thing, especially if there chanced to be a man about. Women of experience — and who should really know — say that tears are worn-out weapons for bringing masculinity to time. We later-day mortals go in for everything that bespeaks strength and backbone and a certain amount of strong-mindedness When little wifey wife begins to snivel nowadays, Mr. Husband doesn't upset the furniture in his efforts to kiss away the tears. He is quite likely to straighten up and say: "Oh, brace up, Pauline!" or else, "Go look in the glass, my love, and see what a beautifully tinted nose you have!"

Yes, these are unromantic days, and there's no mistaking that fact! There's little room for the weepy, wailing woman whose big, inflated ambition is to dampen stunning neckties and deluge nicely laundered shirt-fronts. Of course, women must have their good, comfortable cries once in a while, but if they're wise they will retire to their own rooms and have it out by themselves. This is not quite so satisfactory as the old-time methods, for the

reason that loneliness does not inspire an exhibition of woe, and if one doesn't look out one is apt to forget what one is boo-hooing about. But, take it all in all, it's safer and more in keeping with fin de siecle rules and regulations.

It used to be that a man would say: "Well, it breaks me all up to see a woman cry. I just can't stand it!" But now it's different. Instead, he remarks wearily: "Anything but a yowling woman!"

The poets have written lots of lovely things about tears. Notwithstanding that fact, there is an old German proverb: "Nothing dries sooner than a tear," which isn't so bad. And Byron, you know, said that the busy have no time for tears. Which, one must acknowledge, is quite true when one thinks how everybody is up and hustling these days. They're either wearing themselves down to skin and bone trying to earn a living and to reside in a $60 flat with electric lights and a real back yard, or else they're gradually killing themselves in an effort to enjoy life and to have a good, jolly time all around. However, that's

neither here nor there. So let's jog along to more timely topics.

THE EYELASHES.

Who hasn't bumped into the woman who is woefully wandering around minus her eyelashes? My dear girls, you make the mistake of your life when you begin to snip and clip and tinker with those pretty little curtains that fall over your eyes. If eyelashes are cut in infancy they will grow longer, but when one gets big enough to wear long skirts and to do one's hair up high and wear a little bonnet with jet dofunnies on it, there's not much of a show for eyelashes being made longer by trimming. Touching the lashes with castor oil will increase the growth, and moistened salt is also good.

THE EYEBROWS.

The eyebrows must be kept well brushed, and by persistent care can be pinched into graceful lines. A heavy eyebrow can be trained with really little effort. The brush should be small and rather stiff and firm. It will at once cleanse and invigorate.

I cannot approve of penciled eyebrows. A professional in the "make-up" art can touch the eyebrows here and there and bring a marvelous change. But for the ordinary amateur it is better left undone. Besides, if coloring is applied, it is only a short time before the hair will fall out. And then won't you look pretty?

Eyebrows that meet over the nose are really very disfiguring, and the cure is so simple that there is no need of this blemish, providing, of course, that one can afford to take the necessary treatment. The electric needle is the only sure and certain cure, and two sittings will be sufficient to remove them for good and always. Be sure that you patronize only the best operator, as you will surely regret it if you don't.

Sage tea, with a few drops of alcohol added, will darken the eyebrows without injury. Cocoanut oil makes an excellent tonic to increase the growth.

THE TEETH

"Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where?
Then spoke I to my girl,
To part her lips, and shew me there
The quarrelets of pearl." —*Herrick.*

Femininity may be heir to many beauty woes, but ugly teeth is one trouble which is often caused by sheer neglect. How many of us can recall the days of childhood and girlhood without remembering the fibs we told to escape cleaning our teeth? The blessed mothers implored and begged and threatened and fussed, but we went our way joyful and serene, making all due preparations for future unhappiness. But when the girl began to think more about her personal appearance, and less of the frivolities of advanced babyhood—oh, that we were all back at that jolly time of life!—things were very different. The neglected teeth got good attention then, but often the mischief had already been done. I trust that the younger readers of this volume on beauty will

remember that this is hopelessly true, and something not to be forgotten—like yesterday's toasted marshmallows or to-day's lesson in political economy.

I have heard it said that too much brushing will injure the teeth, but don't you believe it! The sooner you become accustomed to a moderately stiff brush, that will do its work well and thoroughly, the better. All foreign matter must be constantly removed, else decay will come as sure as fate. A perfect state of cleanliness cannot be unless the teeth have proper and constant attention. By this I do not mean that you must cease all other occupations and take up that of eternal scrubbing. Simply keep your teeth clean. Toothpicks must not be used excessively, cold water should not be applied—or very hot, either, for that matter—and all powders containing gritty substances must be tabooed. It is quite unnecessary for me to add that you must not bite thread or break nuts with your teeth, for all of us have had this bit of information dinned into our ears since the time when "little children should be seen and not heard" made life a worry and a

care. I must confess, however, that I have seen women untie knots and do various bits of very remarkable mechanical work in this unique manner. My experience has been so broad in this particular line of observation that the expression "biting ten-penny nails" has never appeared to me to be much overdrawn.

If one seriously desires fine, beautiful, white teeth—and who doesn't?—one must treat them well. Just before going to bed, give them a thorough cleaning, using waxed dental floss to remove any large particles which may be between them. Use only a pure powder, the ingredients of which you know. Be sure that all powder is well rinsed away. See that your brush is kept scrupulously clean. Upon arising in the morning rinse the mouth with diluted listerine. This makes an excellent wash, especially when the gums are tender and liable to bleed. Brush the teeth with tepid water. After breakfast, luncheon and dinner, wash them again, letting the last cleansing be the most searching and thorough. Once in a while it is wisdom to squeeze a little lemon juice onto the brush. This will remove the yellow

appearance that often comes, and will also keep your teeth free from tartar.

Every six months visit your dentist and have your teeth thoroughly examined. The smallest cavities should be filled at once, and the pain will be less than when these agonizing crevices get so large that you feel that it's a flip-up between going to a dentist or jumping into the lake. I know that most of us women are cowards when it comes to seances in dentist chairs, but all such things—like house-cleaning and writing letters to folks you don't like, and entertaining your husband's maiden aunt—all these things are heaps nicer when they're well over with. They are the events which we prefer should ornament the past instead of the future.

To Sweeten the Breath:

Alcohol, twelve ounces.
Cinnamon, two and one-half drams.
Ginger, one-half dram.
Essence of peppermint, one dram.
Cloves, one-eighth dram.

Mix and leave in infusion for two weeks in a tightly covered vessel; filter and bottle. Put

one teaspoonful in a glass of water, and rinse the mouth with this every morning.

Recipe for violet tooth powder appears in the chapter on perfumes.

BATHING

"Even from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid."
—*Thomson.*

The road to beauty has never been better known than it was to the Greek and Roman women of centuries ago, yet they did not begin to have the resources in cosmetic arts that we have now. But they bathed incessantly, believing that cleanliness and health were the vital points in their endeavors to be lovely. They went it for athletic games to a large degree, and thereby hangs the secret of well-developed figures and fine, stately carriage. Creamy lotions for the face, made mostly of almond oil and the oil of cocoanut, were their complexion solaces.

No doubt these beauties of the past centuries had more time than we for their baths and games, but nevertheless let us make a strong, stern effort to follow in the wake of their excellent teachings. Surely they proved the wisdom of them in their own incomparable beauty.

Speaking of baths reminds me of Mme. Tallien, the beautiful French woman, who lived in the time of the first Napoleon. She went in for baths galore. Let me tell you what she did.

She gathered together all the strawberries or raspberries that the corner grocery could supply. These were mashed to a pulp and the bathtub filled. In this Mme. Tallien bathed until the idea of milk and perfumed baths appeared to her fancy. There were many absurd and useless fads those days as well as wise beautifying practices—just the same state of affairs as now confronts us.

How much more rational than Mme. Tallien's notions were the methods of Diana of Poitiers, who, history tells us, was fresh and lovely at sixty-five! She left the berries and things to their rightful place, the breakfast table, and each morning took a refreshing bath in a big tub of clear rain-water. There has nothing yet been found, even in this progressive age of electric elixirs and beautifying compounds, that can equal this old-time aid to loveliness.

With the delightfully convenient bath-rooms, that even the most ordinary apartment or flat has now, bathing is not a matter of trouble and bother, but is, instead, an invigorating pleasure. I believe firmly in the need of the daily bath. Not the thorough scrubbing, mind you, but the quick sponging and the plunge. Let the thorough scrubbing be at least twice during the week, and the five-minute plunges on other days. Certain it is that one is much refreshed by the dipping luxury, and still more certain is the fact that in no other way can the flesh be kept healthy and firm. To those who are robust enough to stand it, the cold bath is very good, but I would not advise it as a general thing for women. For actual cleansing warm water and pure soap are necessary. The shock of cold water immediately closes the pores, and they then retain all the impurities that they should cast out. The temperature of the water for the daily tepid bath should be about seventy-five or eighty degrees, never more than that.

Whether or not the bath should be taken at night or in the morning is a question which

each must decide for herself. While it has often been claimed that a bath at night will quiet the nerves and make one sleep sweetly, I have known many persons who found it an utter impossibility, as it caused them to be restless and wide-awake. One reason why the bath before going to bed is desirable is that a soothing emollient can be applied to the face, neck and hands, and thus will the skin be whitened and beautified. After a warm plunge the pores of the skin are opened and in excellent condition to absorb a good skin food or a pleasant cream.

Bath bags are simply luxuries. They are pleasant ones, to be sure, but they should never take the place of the flesh brush. It is best to follow the scrubbing with a gentle washing with a bath bag, for the almond meal and the orris root will give a charming, velvety appearance to the skin. They should never be used a second time, as the bran frequently becomes sour after a drying. So, if you are of an economical turn of mind, you will make your bath bags very small, just large enough to serve for one beauty bath.

A little starch thrown into the bath will sometimes whiten the skin. Salt is not cleansing at all, but is very invigorating and a pleasant tonic if one is worn out and languid. Turkish baths are splendid complexion-makers, but must not be indulged in too frequently. If the skin is dry and feverish, a dry bath—or massage—with oil of sweet almonds will promote a healthy skin and bring about good circulation.

Constant bathing is the best remedy for excessive perspiration. But this is not really effective unless a little benzoin is added to the water, and the armpits well dried, and dusted with powder afterward. A good bathing powder for this purpose is made of two and one-half drams of camphor, four ounces of orris root and sixteen ounces of starch. Reduce to a fine powder and tie in coarse muslin bags.

Remember that a coarse complexion, with black, disfiguring, open pores, can be almost entirely cured by keeping the pores of the body free from sebaceous matter. Have the bathtub carefully scoured each day, as the oils

and dust washed from the body invariably collect on the sides just where the water reached. For the thorough cleansing have the tub half filled with warm water. Use a coarse rag, a bath brush and large, coarse towels. Before stepping into the water wash the face and neck well with castile soap and a camel's-hair brush, this being particularly necessary when the pores are clogged and acne has formed. Rinse thoroughly and dry with gentle pats. When using the brush, do not forget to let the scrubbing go well down onto the chest, lest your neck will be bleached white and nice only part of the way.

Once in the tub, go over the body briskly with the flesh brush, using plenty of good soap and not being at all sparing of elbow grease. This scrubbing is very invigorating, for it exercises the muscles and stirs up one's blood as well. After the scrubbing use the bath spray, letting the water get gradually chilled. The drying should be brisk and quick, and a warm robe of some sort must be donned while the hair is being combed for the night, the teeth brushed and the face anointed with a pure

home-made cosmetic. Then go to bed. If you don't find a prettier, fresher complexion with you next morning, then I'll miss my guess, and will take up another occupation than that of doling out beauty advice.

Quireda Bath Bags:

One pound of fine oatmeal.
One-half quart of new clean bran.
Two-fifths pound powdered orris root
Two-fifths pound almond meal.
One-fourth pound white castile soap, dried and powdered.
One ounce primrose sachet powder.

Dipped in tepid water and used as a sponge these bath bags make a velvety lather that softens and whitens the skin in a way that warms the cockles of one's heart.

DIET

"Good food is the basis of good conduct, and consequently of happiness; more divorces are caused by hash than by infidelity."—*Hetty Green.*

The object of eating is nourishment to build up the nerves, the muscles, the blood, the tissues, and, in fact, the whole body. Judging by woman's mad devotion to things she should not eat, this is a piece of information which has never before been confided to her.

Let the food be well cooked, daintily served and delicately flavored—for all that aids digestion with persons of sensibility and refinement—but see to it that the ingredients are wholesome and of the best and freshest qualities. A fifteen-cent lunch at one of the tearooms, where dishes are prepared with some idea of the rules of hygiene, is much better than a twenty-five-cent course dinner at a cheap restaurant. This is a hint for the business girl who lunches downtown.

Ripe fruits, served upon green leaves, are always appetizing, even if there is nothing more than toast or rolls to go with them. Cereals, such as rice, barley or hominy (they must be steamed for hours), served with rich cream, make ideal luncheons. A baked apple, a bit of rice pudding, or a custard—they, too, are worth the while and the price. Eggs, either boiled or carefully scrambled, or made into an omelet, flavored with a dash of parsley, and chops or fish delicately broiled, are substantial viands. Soups or broths, breads, fruits and an occasional salad make desirable luncheons. A noonday meal of creamed potatoes and green peas is not to be despised, and it's a godsend to the poor stomach that has been heroically tussling with cocoanut pudding, fruit cake and chocolate rich enough to own a castle in Europe. Such dishes as Italian spaghetti, with tomato sauce and Parmesan cheese, or celery or cress salad, with no other dressing than the best olive oil and a teaspoonful of vinegar, will do very well.

There is no economy in buying badly cooked luncheons. Seek quality, not quantity, and, so

far as health and good looks go, you'll find yourself getting along famously.

Rich foods, especially pastries, can bring forth an array of facial eruptions that is positively maddening to the poor victim. Ice cream soda, too, deranges the stomach and creates all sorts of disagreeable disturbances. Hot bread and rolls, indulged in to an appalling extent in southern households, can do more real damage to a good, fair skin than all the winds and wintry blasts that ever shook chimneys or swept friskily around corners and alleyways.

Overeating not only brings indigestion and creepy dreams, but invariably makes the complexion coarse, high-colored and overruddy. That does not mean that one should nibble at things and not demolish a "good square meal." Eating should be understood—rules laid down and religiously carried out.

Usually hygienic dishes and health foods comprise a complete list of one's special horrors. Most girls who have tried them say so. But just the same, there are dozens—yes, hundreds—of nutritious viands that are decidedly

more palatable and appetizing than the sweets and indigestible doughy nothings that not only make of you a physical wreck but set you to wishing most heartily that the man who invented mirrors had died of the measles in his early infancy.

Rice is a good old stand-by as a builder-up of a run-down constitution. But you don't like it? Well, then, stew it with chicken sometime and you will soon discover what great possibilities are in this despised grain. Oatmeal, as it is usually cooked, is a thing of horror, to be shunned and avoided and run away from. But oatmeal left to slowly simmer for a full hour, and served half liquid, fluffed over with a bit of powdered sugar and covered with rich cream, is fit for a queen—most especially if the royal lady is ambitious for a fair visage with sweet, soft skin and cheeks just touched with the crimson of health.

A thick porterhouse steak, broiled quickly and well seasoned with salt, pepper and butter, or rare little chops of lamb, are always excellent tonics, as well as complexion tinters.

Very often a lack of beauty is nothing more

than a lack of proper nourishment. The best cure in the world for a haggard, wan, white face is a proper understanding of good foods. Sometimes a tonic of iron is needed to brace the wearied physical state. Cod liver oil, which is so very disagreeable to most people, is the sure cure for the girl whose extreme slenderness causes her to lie awake nights to fret and worry. But when the oil is prepared with malt it is even better, and also less trying to swallow. A combination of malt and hypophosphates is excellent too, and will bring back the fire of energy to the eye, and the roses to the cheeks. A dessertspoonful taken before meals will stimulate and strengthen, and get the tired body into a better state to resist the wear and tear of ill health or overwork.

One beautiful woman of my acquaintance declares that the secret of her radiant looks is simply lettuce and olive oil. She eats lettuce summer and winter, and this queer complexion cure has certainly worked like a charm in her case. She buys the crisp young head lettuce, being careful to use only the inner leaves. Over this she pours two tablespoonfuls of the

best olive oil and the very slightest dash of vinegar. Salt and the least wee bit of sugar finish the salad. The good qualities of lettuce are usually destroyed by rich, mustardy dressings, that breed acute dyspepsia and desperate despair over good looks. But olive oil and lettuce is as good a combination for rugged health and a fair face as one can find in a year's search from Cape Horn to the Yukon. Others besides the lovely lady of whom I speak have found it so. The secret, though, is, I fancy, in the olive oil, which is an excellent aperient.

A complexion-destroying habit is that of eating late lunches just before going to bed. An apple or an orange is a benefit—as is also plenty of cold, distilled water—but when it comes to gnawing chicken bones, devouring big slabs of rich cake or finishing up a dish of left-over salad, then is the time that kind relatives or guardians should step in, say a word and take a hand. The girl should be saved from herself at almost any expense.

Fruit is a panacea for many complexion ills. What a pity, then, that blind womankind persists in dabbing things on her nose instead of

putting healthful, purifying beauty food into her stomach.

There is no reason in the world why fruit should be considered a luxury. It should be used as a staple article of diet. Surely that must have been the original intention. But alas, how many housewives will pay forty cents for a can of lobster that will upset stomachs, frazzle pleasant tempers, cause all sorts of complexion horrors and bring a perfect comet trail of nightmares and dyspepsia! And these same women will wrap themselves in a sanctimonious mantle of economy when the woman next door pays the same sum for a dozen great juicy oranges.

Grapes and apples are among the most nutritious fruits, and there is nothing in the world so good for a skin of oily surface or yellow hue as a grape diet. Besides, grapes are extremely appetizing, are very easily digested and are sure to agree with even the most delicate stomach. Ripe peaches have nearly all the merits of the grape, and, if in proper condition, are also quite unlikely to bring about indigestion or stomach disorders.

There has never yet been concocted a better spring tonic than strawberries. The reason why they are particularly excellent to enrich and purify the blood is because they contain a larger percentage of iron than any other fruit. It is a shame ever to embarrass and humiliate the luscious things by imprisoning them in the indigestible layers of a shortcake. A fluff of pure powdered sugar and a dash of whipped cream and you have a toothsome dish fit for the most finicky god that ever graced Olympia's pleasant realms.

The woman who has a dingy, muddy skin must pin her faith to oranges, lemons and limes. These are simply unrivaled as complexion clearers. The juice of the grape fruit is fine, too. Fruits of this class stimulate and make active the digestive organs, which, as you probably know, are the main seat of nearly all complexion ills. A breakfast of oranges and strawberries will do more toward making you a pretty, wholesome, healthy woman than almost anything else.

To be perfectly wholesome, fruit with firm flesh, like plums or apples or cherries, must be

thoroughly masticated. The skin of raw fruit should under no circumstances be eaten. It is covered invariably with multitudes of minute germs which always swarm upon the surface of the fruit and multiply rapidly under favorable conditions of warmth. Before eating grapes or cherries all dust and impurities must be removed by careful washing in several waters.

But to sum up the entire question of diet, eat what you know will agree with you, and choose the blood-making, nourishing foods. Let fruit and vegetables predominate in your meals, but do not avoid meats entirely. Cake is not harmful unless very rich, but greasy pastries—like pies and tarts and things of that sort—are simply utterly, hopelessly impossible! Fats make the skin oily and coarse, pastries produce pimples and blackheads faster than you can doctor them away, and too much sweets will have about the same effect. Instead of buying candies, save your money and acquire a fine complexion along with a bank account. It will pay in the end.

SLEEP.

"What a delightful thing rest is! The bed has become a place of luxury to me. I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world."—*Napoleon I.*

If womankind half realized the beauty benefits of plenty of restful, refreshing sleep, all femininity would be crawling into bed at sunset. I've often wondered why the great sisterhood that is praying and working and fretting for physical loveliness does not understand that more real help comes from rational, hygienic living than can be squeezed out of all the cosmetic jars that ever enticed weak feminine hearts.

Beauty sleep! Why, we've heard of it since the long-ago days when our blessed mothers sung it, lullaby-fashion, into our ears! As little girls it brightened the "sand-man" hour and made us go contentedly to bed. As women it should rightly continue its good work, and the dear Lord knows we need it more now than we did then, for—perhaps—the

crow's feet have begun to show their ugly little tracks and the fine complexion of early girlhood is losing its luster and brightness, and is growing a bit dull and yellowed—like a leaf first touched with the autumn chill.

Perhaps you won't believe it, but there are right ways of sleeping and wrong ways as well. The girl who curls up like a shrimp is the one who will be writing to me in a great flurry and worry, telling me that her shoulders are round, and that she simply can't make them nice and square as they should be for the new tailor-made that is to transform her into a happy little Easter girl! The woman who is horrified to find wrinkles appearing like wee birds of omen does not have to tell me that she is a pillow fiend and sleeps with her head half a foot higher than her heels. It stands to reason that a pillow will push the flesh of the face up into little lines. There is no necessity for pillows at all, and girls don't need them for comfort any more than a little puppy dog needs patent leathers or overshoes. The bed should be hard and perfectly flat, with springs that do not sag or give and let the poor sleeper

roll down in the middle in a jumbled-up heap. A hair mattress is the best for health and comfort, but others will do nicely if they are only perfectly flat and not too soft.

The first thing to do, then, is to dispense with the pillow. If this change cannot be accomplished all at once, then let your pillow be gradually made smaller and smaller until none at all is desired. Your sleep will be much better, and after the habit is once formed a pillow is looked upon with derision. I know foolish mothers who put their children to sleep on pillows as big as a school-girl's love for caramels, and the poor babies tumble and toss, and the next morning those mothers dose them for a pain in the "tum-tum." Alack-a-day! Babies don't need pillows—unless it be those little soft cushions of down that are as flat as pancakes.

But to return from babies to beauty. If your sleep is restless and you awaken with a dull headache and the feeling of weariness that makes you want to begin the night over again so as to get refreshed, you may be sure that something is wrong—either you are worried or

troubled or are working too hard for your own good. Perhaps your digestion is out of order, or the room is not properly ventilated. It may be any of these things that keep you from getting the rest that is really so very necessary for health and comfort and good looks.

Heavy bedding is also distressing, and as good a maker of nightmares as deviled crabs or plum pudding. Light blankets make the best covering. Let the window be open at top and bottom, so as to have perfect ventilation. Don't eat an indigestible lunch before retiring; this is the greatest of all beauty follies. Lie on the abdomen, with your hands at your sides. This position will keep your shoulders back, will give you a good figure and a better carriage. When you have followed these directions and still find that you spend most of the night crawling around over your bed vainly seeking a comfortable and restful spot, then you can make up your mind that you need a good tonic and a doctor's counsel, for your nerves or your digestive organs are not as they should be.

To sum it all up in a nutshell: You must sleep well, and you must sleep a great deal if you wish to be the "woman beautiful." Sitting up late at night will cause grey hair as will nothing else. It makes those dark circles about the eyes, and causes the "windows of the soul," to lose half their luster and softness and beauty. Who ever saw a pretty woman with dull, lifeless eyes? She wouldn't be pretty were she so afflicted. By sleeping properly, the body is kept stronger and fresher, and thus the complexion is benefited greatly. Wrinkles do not come so soon, the skin does not take on that muddy, yellow hue as it would otherwise, and cheeks are pink and rosy with that greatest of all rouges—Health.

There's a heap of truth in all this. If you do not believe it, then give up late hours—be they for study or pleasure—and see if the problem won't work itself out nicely with you. I think it will. In fact, I am really quite sure of it.

EXERCISE

"Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Then fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made His work for man to mend."

—Dryden.

It would have done your heart good to see her.

She came into the room with the briskness of a March flurry of snow. Her cheeks were poppy-red, her eyes sparkled with the mere joy of living. And she chuckled happily as she tucked back the curly scolding locks that were flying about, all helter-skelter, like feathers unloosed or fluffy chicks blowing away from the mother wing.

"Isn't it jolly?" she chirped, as she threw her muff on the floor and made a dive for Peter Jackson. Peter Jackson is a cat, as black as the ace of spades and as pugilistic a feline as ever walked a fence.

"Isn't what jolly?" I queried. "The weather

or your sprightly self? Do you know, you'd make a splendid poster now for some new-fangled cork-soled walking shoe? Or perhaps a bearskin ulster for Klondike wear. I'm sure a feather boa concern would pay a fortune for your picture. I would I were an artist man, with a little brush and a little pencil and a little palette with nice little paint puddles on it——"

"What-in-the-world? Here I start in to dilate upon the joys of exercise and off you go, just like a musical top with your buzz-buzz-buzz, and your incomprehensible talk about little painters and little palettes and little paint puddles. I'm sure it's not a bit nice of you."

Peter Jackson was shoved to the floor.

"But walking is jolly!" she piped, "and I've just had the very gloriousest tramp and I feel as fine as a—what is it they say? Oh, as fine as a violin—I—I mean fiddle. I walked miles and miles—perhaps not quite so far—and the wind was blowing a blue streak right in my face. Ugh! first it made me shiver and creep up into my collar. But bimeby I got nice and warmy, and my cheeks tingled. I felt as if I could walk from here to the place where the sun goes

down. Do you know, I never before realized how much fun it was to take a good tramp. I've half a mind to reform from my rôle of lazy-bones and walk every day, whether it snows, blows, cyclones, or turns warm, and fells us all with sunstrokes and heat prostrations."

"Health is the vital principle of bliss, and exercise of health," said I, quoting Thomson.

"Oh, well," and my pretty, rosy-cheeked guest arose. "I must be going. You know how it is when one gets to preaching physical culture and spouting poetry. Ta-ta!" and away she went, like the fleeting memory of last night's dream.

* * * * * *

If women paid as much attention to exercise as do men there would not be so many wrinkles and stooped shoulders among the feminine sex, and old age wouldn't rap on the door ahead of time. The girl who goes in for outdoor sport, who isn't afraid of walking a block or two, who loves the cold air and who revels in wheeling and swimming and skating, is the one who won't be an old woman in appearance

while she is still young in years. Keep the muscles firm and healthy by exercise. This will not only improve your carriage and add to your general development, but will aid the digestive organs in their work and keep you animated and cheery. Who of us does not know the inspiration of a walk in the open air after a few days spent in the close atmosphere of the house? Fresh air is the elixir of life. We can't have too much of it, and—oh, my girls—think of the exceeding cheapness of it! It can be got for the asking, which is more than one can say for the various beauty pomades and lotions that beckon us toward poverty.

Walking and skating are the best exercises during the winter, but all kinds of exercises are acceptable, providing they are gone about in the proper manner. It is easy enough to see why thorough and regular exercise is absolutely necessary to health.

We all know—at least, we all should know—that the general size of the human body depends on muscular development. The same bony frame which makes a slim-jim girl that tips the scales at seventy-five pounds can be

padded with good solid flesh until it boasts of a triple chin, fingers like wee roly-poly puddings, and a full 200 pounds in weight. The framework of the body counts little toward size.

The muscles are like the various bits of machinery which go to make up a steam engine. In performing their work they produce heat and motion. The fuel which supplies this force is taken into the body as food, prepared for use in the intestinal tract, and from there carried by the blood to be stored up in the muscles and various tissues as latent force. Through the circulation of the blood the whole body is heated by muscular exercise. It stands to reason that continual exercise of a certain kind will develop certain muscles. For instance, there's the arm of the blacksmith or the firmly developed legs of the danseuse. The same muscle that grows when used within certain limits will waste away when deprived of proper exercise.

In physical culture the object is the symmetrical development of all the muscles, not one at the expense of the other. So, for that

reason, don't pin your faith to dumb-bells and Indian clubs and neglect more necessary exercise. If you do you will in time find yourself possessed of big Sandow arms that will make the rest of you look as spindle-like as a last year's golden-rod stalk.

Walking is as good a form of exercise as anything yet discovered. But walking as most girls and women walk won't do you one bit of good. You might just as well spend your time trying to count 700 backward or while away the hours talking 1880 fashions with the woman next door, for all the health or happiness or physical development that you will get out of it.

Corsets and bands and belts must be done away with. You must have full, free use of your lungs. Then, don't wear heavy petticaots that will retard the free movements of your legs and make your hips ache with their tiresome weight. Dress warmly but as lightly as possible.

Above everything else don't stick your fingertips into a muff and waddle along like a little duck in sealskin and purple velvet trim-

mings. Your arms must swing easily at your sides. Thus equipped walking should not be a task, but a great, big, lovely joy, no matter if the frost does nip your nice little nose and make your cheeks feel as if they had been starched, dried, ironed and hung on the line to air.

English women who come to America can tell us a thing or two about long walks. Only the other day a pretty Englishwoman with a complexion like apple blossoms casually divulged the information that a walk of ten or fifteen miles was an old, old story to her. So, when I say that three miles a day—the three miles ought really to be covered inside an hour —is not a bit too much to give one's muscles the necessary exercise, I hope you won't lean back in your chair and gracefully expire. Some of you will gasp, no doubt, for a walk of five blocks to a suburban station is usually looked upon as a heroic martyrdom to circumstances and environments.

Alas, for woman's fickleness! And alas, for her playful habit of going to extremes! Suppose, for instance, that Dolly Jones says she is going to take a nice long walk every day of her

life; that she knows the bountiful blessings and benefits of a brisk tramp, and that she will take that tramp in spite of obstacles as big as the Auditorium or as immense as her longing for a cherry-colored silk petticoat.

The first day—and, mind you, she has not walked a mile for weeks, the lazy girl—she covers five miles in an hour and ten minutes.

And when she comes home she's such a wreck that the whole family is up in arms in a jiffy, and whisk out the tomahawks ready for war. That's the end of Polly Jones' pedestrian exercises.

And Daisy Brown. She does quite the same thing, only not so violently. The first day she walks four miles, the next two, and then comes a trip around the corner to get arnica and liniments for her poor, aching bones. Thus also terminates Daisy's stern resolution to take daily constitutionals.

But the wise woman. Daisy's and Polly's methods are not hers. Far from it! When she begins to walk for health and beauty she dons loose, comfortable clothes, and with swinging arms and head well back, strides

along briskly and easily. Her first day's walk is scarcely a mile. The second tramp is longer; and gradually the distance is increased until the three miles are covered in about fifty minutes.

The wise woman does not take her exercise in the afternoon, but in the morning, an hour or so after breakfast, when the day is young and everything seems bright and hopeful and cheery. Then it is that the babies are out in their go-carts and carriages, and the "chillens" are trooping to school. It's heaps pleasanter than an afternoon walk when one has more of the worries and events of the day on one's mind.

It is the regularity of exercise—and living, in fact—that brings the best results. A stated time for baths, meals, rests and walks is the proper plan for those fortunate ones who are not rushed into a condition of decrepit antiquity trying to do fourteen different tasks in thirteen small, limited minutes. Some of us, the very busy ones, cannot have the necessary rests during the day, but baths and exercise can usually be arranged and carried out. They should be,

for they are of more vital import than most of us realize.

Running is splendid exercise, but we city folk have few opportunities for exhilarating fun of that sort. A woman sprinting for a cable car might quite as well be a trained bear in a pink mosquito netting petticoat for the sensation and giggles she creates. With a bonnet perched over one ear or dangling dizzily from an escaping empire knot she is neither a dignified nor an inspiring picture.

So it's quite as well all around to run in one's own room. In fact, the best way to run is to run in one small spot and not go ahead. That sounds befuddled, but it is easily explained. Get into loose clothes, throw open the window, place your hands on your hips and go through the movements of running. It is best to be in stocking feet or light slippers, else that odious woman in the flat below may knock on the steam pipe as a signal for peace and quiet.

After fifteen minutes of mock running take an invigorating, tepid sponge bath with just a dash of benzoin in the water. After that comes vigorous friction with a rough towel.

Then take a nap if you can spare the time. Of course one must guard against exposure to cold after one is heated by the exertion of exercise.

Dancing would be one of the best of exercises were it not for the close, ill-ventilated rooms, the tight clothes, the exposed shoulders and the nervous strain which is always on hand at large social affairs.

As for skating, there is nothing better. It makes a woman feel like a new man. I say that quite consciously, as, in my opinion, to feel like a new woman—that poor, long-ridiculed creature—would be more humiliating than joyful. Don't you think so?

Horseback riding is questionable exercise. The side saddle is apt to increase the tendency to curvature of the spine, while tight corsets prevents the good that would come to the heart and lungs and digestive organs. Swimming is good, particularly for nervous, high-strung persons. And the wheel? Well, that best of all exercises—for it is the best when indulged in by the wise woman, not the crooked-back, scorching, silly—is a story in itself.

STOOPED SHOULDERS

"Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute or harp." —*Milman.*

Stooped shoulders is one beauty ill that is wholly unnecessary. Any girl with real brains and a little energy and will power can make herself straight and bestow upon herself a good carriage. It is entirely a matter of doing and persevering. Most of us know remedies for our small failings, but how many of us apply them persistently until a cure is brought about? Few indeed, and more's the pity.

When starting the reform always bear in mind that the chest must be held upward and outward. When this is done it is not necessary to keep the shoulders back in a forced, strained position, and so make little crowfeet in the back of your gown. The benefits of holding the chest thus are more than one—or two,

either, for that matter If practiced continually it will strengthen the lungs. It will also develop the chest and neck as no masseure of miracle-working fingers can ever hope to. Breathing exercises are also excellent.

Incorrect positions during sleep cause many stooped shoulders. The big fat pillow of our grandmother's day is the worst kind of a horror. No pillow at all is best, and after one becomes accustomed to sleeping that way it will be found much more restful and altogether comfortable. The best position for sleep is to lie face downward, with the arms straight at the sides. Of course, I am fully aware that most women sleep curled up like kittens, but they can change their ways if they will but try.

The woman with straight, good shoulders never carries her arms heaped full of bundles, for that draws them forward and makes them droop as dismally as an ostrich plume in a blizzard. Instead, the "budgets" are carried with the arms down at the sides. Neither does she clutch the back of her skirt in that bantamlike fashion practiced by the woman of less judg-

ment. The back breadths of her new tailor-made are grasped about six inches from the belt, and held up just so that they clear the ground. Hats worn deep over the eyes are not desirable, this wise woman also knows, for however tightly they are pinned to one's back hair, they are mighty likely to keep one's body at an uncomfortable slant.

The plump woman who wears her hose supporters pinned to the front of her corsets seldom knows that the constant pulling of the elastics has a tendency to make her shoulders droop. Shoes of high heels and narrow toes are equally bad, for the wearer is plunged forward in an ungraceful and line-destroying attitude. The low-heeled, square-toed shoe—that is now in vogue—is the thing to wear, and blessed be the Lord for at last bringing womankind to a rational understanding of what she should wear on her much-abused little feet!

The tailor-made gown is serviceable as a promoter of good figures, for usually, unless one keeps one's shoulders back, the front of the bodice proceeds to lay wrinkles in itself and so spoil the good effect that women love as they

do their pet jelly dishes and their Dresden teacups.

Other things to be remembered are: Always stand on the front or ball of the foot and keep the knees straight. Carry yourself so that a string extended downward from your chest would reach the floor without touching another part of the body. Do not push your head forward and do not be in a hurry so that you will waddle along like a little duckling with absolutely no grace or carriage. Dress comfortably, have your clothing well fastened, and your gown loose enough to give your lungs opportunity for the full expansion that, for the sake of your health, they should have. Make sofa cushions of your pillows and sleep always face downward, flat on the mattress. Last, but not least, don't be a woeful lady and amble along in a disconsolate, sloppy-weather fashion that is so utterly hopeless that I could never set before me the awful task of suggesting a remedy. One of the secrets of happiness and success is cheerfulness. Men and women and even babies like cheerful folk, while they will race their overshoes off trying to get away from

the unhappy ones of dismal tales and many worries. Be cheerful, even though the laundress has washed your best handkerchief into a real-lace sieve, or the rains and snows of December have descended upon your best Sunday bonnet and made a pocket edition of a rag-bag thereof, or even if the gas range has blown itself and all the kitchen windows into the next block. Be cheerful at all hazards! It pays! Really it does!

BREATHING

"The common ingredients of health and long life are,
Great temp'rance, open air,
Easy labor, little care."
—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Among the first lessons that the beauty student must learn is how to breathe properly. I know, my girls, that that sounds awfully stupid, but there are yards and acres of truth in it nevertheless, and the subject is well worth your while—you can depend upon that. Haven't you ever noticed that most of the women who have gone in for vocal culture have round, pretty waists? Almost invariably the singer is a woman of fine figure, well-poised head, firmly-set shoulders and easy carriage. And the reason is simple. She has learned from the beginning that she must breathe properly, that every breath must come from the abdomen and not from the chest, and that to breathe in that way she must hold up her chin and expand her lungs.

We often mistake carriage for fine figure. It is the woman who poises her head well and who keeps her shoulders back that attracts the eye of other women. There is something brisk and energetic and active about her that makes of her a sight good to look upon; while another woman with perhaps a much better figure will trail about with a down-in-the-mouth air and a slow, doleful gait that will give one the blues and an absence of appetite for weeks to come.

You cannot possibly breathe properly and have your shoulders stooped—at least you cannot make such a combination without a mighty big lot of discomfort. If you breathe as you should you will develop the chest and bust, give better lines to the shoulders and—unless you are naturally inclined to be plump and rotund—will make your waist become round and slender and pretty. If you doubt this, try for yourself and see.

I wish that I could impress my readers with the fact that improper breathing brings many ills. Breathing is a highly important function, and bad breathing not only

produces symptoms of consumption, but makes the waist unduly large. The reason for this is that holding the chest up will keep all the internal organs in their proper places, and so not allow them to spread the waist in the unsightly way that usually denotes deficient vitality instead of the "Greek health" upon which physicians are wont to dilate. Good breathing strengthens muscles and makes the flesh firm. The reward is a perfect, round, slender figure and a trim waist.

Begin your breathing lessons in the morning just after getting out of bed, when you will have no tight skirts or bands to hinder the full expansion of the lungs. Raise every window and get all of God's blessed air that you can, and, above all things, let not this practice cease when the winds of winter blow as if from Greenland's icy mountains. The breathing exercise is all the better then. Place your hands on your hips and walk slowly across the room, your chest held upward and outward, and every breath coming deeply from the abdomen. After three trips you will find yourself pretty well tired out. Rest for a few

moments and try again. The next morning make the exercises longer, and as soon as the muscles that hold your chest up become firm and strong there will be little exhaustion. Vary the exercise by standing still, taking as long a breath as possible and holding it for several seconds. This practice, indulged in for five or ten minutes every day, is most beneficial. But the main motive in all breathing exercises is to get into the habit of standing straight with the shoulders held back and the chest up. "Play" that you are trying to make your chest creep up and touch your chin.

One of the greatest injuries that come from wearing tightly laced corsets is the compression of the ribs. The unyielding steel and buckram will not permit a variation in the waist measure as a deep breath is inhaled or expelled. The proper and healthful corset is the one that expands or contracts with each respiration of its wearer, and that is why I am such an enthusiastic devotee of the corset waist with the elastic bands on either side. It matters not one bit how tight the clothing may be, so long as it is given elasticity and is yielding.

This is absolutely necessary to perfect health and the proper development of a woman's figure.

With the breathing capacity increased, enlargement of the lungs and development of the chest are sure to be the results. But, be it understood, please, that this growth is not the work of a day or a week, or a month even. However, if it is continued religiously there will be a difference of five or six, or even seven, inches in your chest measure in the course of a year, to say nothing of the improvement in carriage and figure, and the health and strength that correct breathing will give.

There are a number of things to remember. The first is that one must secure breath control, the next that the best authorities condemn thoracic or upper chest breathing. Keep the chest up and out, and let the expansion be at the waist line. Inhale slowly and smoothly as much air as you can, swelling out the lower chest at the sides just below the arm pits as the air is drawn in. Hold this air five seconds. Then exhale it slowly and gradually, crushing in the ribs gently with the hands as the air

goes out. During the exhalation be sure to keep the upper chest still. Do not let it sink, as it will be apt to if not restrained by an effort of the will. Exhale again and hold the breath for ten seconds, then for fifteen seconds, and finally for twenty seconds. This exercise will do for the first day. Increase the power of holding the breath by practicing regularly each day.

Be careful not to make any motion suddenly. In calisthenics of any kind the more slowly and carefully the exercise is performed the greater will be the benefit. But best of all, keep in mind that these breathing exercises are not only making you a pretty woman of pretty figure, but giving you that greatest of all beauty elixirs—health.

MASSAGE

"The love of beauty is one of the most firmly implanted qualities of the human mind, and only those who are mentally deficient fail to appreciate it. From the human standpoint there is no edifice so beautiful as that earthly temple which enshrines the soul."

—*Dr. Cyrus Edson.*

Massage is as old as the hills. Most really good things are, I've found. The Grecian and Roman women preserved their wondrous, wholesome beauty by reveling in luxuriant baths and then undergoing vigorous massage by their stout-armed slaves. Massage is a natural alleviator and comfort-giver. The first thing a baby does when he bumps his precious head is to rub the injured spot with his little fist. Relief seems to come with friction. If one's temples hurt, the hands seem to itch and tingle to get to rubbing and smoothing out the aches there. And the reason for it is that friction makes active the nerves and blood vessels and exercises the tired or fretting muscles. Massage is exercise. If we were to

cease using our arms the muscles would shrink and soon become incapable of movement. The skin outside would, of course, be affected by the general warpings of the tissues, and the result would be everything that is dreadful to the mind feminine — crow's feet, wrinkles, sallowness and lack of the tints and colors of health. You who have enjoyed the pleasures of a Turkish bath must know how new and robust and fresh you feel after the invigorating cleansing and pummeling by a strong and experienced masseuse.

We all know about the system of decay and renewing which the skin constantly undergoes. It is much the same way with the muscles. The very tiny cells of which the muscles are composed are continually being repaired. As the wornout particles are rejected the new fiber is created. Does it not stand to reason that massage will facilitate this process, make the flesh firmer, restore vigor to the muscles and give new life to the entire system?

The muscles of the face, more than those of any other part of the body, are lazy and torpid. As the troubles of life descend, the wear

and tear of bothersome existence begins to show. The circulation becomes defective, and this brings flabby tissues and a wrinkled, sallow skin. Then, oh, woe! woe! One feels as if one might just as well be dead and gone as to be trailing through life so afflicted.

Massage means "I knead." While the professional masseuse should be well informed concerning the muscles of the face and neck, the location of the veins and arteries, and the general formation of the skin, the little home body who wishes to rub away a few wrinkles or turkey tracks can easily dispense with the acquiring of so much knowledge. With knowing what "not to do," she will get along very well, although it has always been my opinion that the simplest and most satisfactory way to learn to massage one's own cheeks and brow is to go to a first-class professional for one or two treatments. If you keep your eyes open you will easily learn the simplest and most effective movements.

The first thing to remember is that massage will both create and reduce flesh, according to the treatment given and the time devoted to

it. Severe rubbing and rolling of the flesh between the fingers will gradually dissolve the fatty tissues. The flesh will then become soft and flabby, and the skin will be likely to fall into tiny lines unless an astringent wash, like weak alum water (used hot), is applied to tighten and harden it slightly, and so make the flesh firm. If the massage is continued, the flabby flesh will also be reduced, especially when the astringent wash is applied to help the hardening process. When the face is to be plumpened or wrinkles removed, then rub the skin very gently with a rotary motion, which is not a mere rubbing but a kneading as well, and follow with light tapping movements. Never roll the flesh between the fingers unless reduction is the object. Also, never massage oftener than once every twenty-four hours, and then only for fifteen or twenty minutes.

So much for the don'ts. Before beginning the massage have the face perfectly clean. Wash with tepid water and pure castile soap. Otherwise the dust and powder are kneaded into the pores and the result is frequently extremely irritating.

The reasons for massage are many. It facilitates and stimulates the skin in its continual effort to throw off the tiny flakes of dried, dead cuticle. It is exercise for the muscles, and at the same time it inspires a livelier circulation of the blood. It is easy to understand then why massage is so beneficial for the face, and why it makes a rosy, healthy complexion. Massage alone will remedy many a complexion ill, for when the muscles are sluggish and torpid, the tissues weak and flabby, the circulation as slow as the messenger boys in the funny papers, and the skin sallow and wrinkled, all in the world that is needed is a little gentle patting and coddling and rubbing into a less lifeless state.

Great care must be taken lest the skin become bruised and irritated. For this reason a cream or skin food is used. Let me suggest that this emollient be of the good, pure, home-made kind, not the cheap cosmetic which has mutton tallow or lard as a principal foundation. The orange flower skin food (formula appears in the chapter on the complexion) is the best formula for this purpose, as it will, by absorption, fatten

and build up the impoverished tissues, and at the same time strengthen, whiten and soften the skin. Mineral oils must never be used. Glycerin not only makes the complexion darker and rather yellow, but it dries the secretions of the skin very rapidly, and a dry, harsh surface is the sure result. Vaseline—as we should know from its reputation as a hair tonic—will not prove a happiness to one.

The skin food should be rubbed in all over the face and far down upon the neck with a firm, circular movement. When the cream is partially absorbed begin the manipulations, starting at the forehead. Place the thumbs on the temples and in that way hold the skin firm and taut. With the tips of the first and second fingers of both hands rub the lines transversely. If there be wrinkles across the forehead, rub up and down, holding the skin tight at the top of the forehead with the first fingers and manipulating with the second and third.

Another movement which is excellent for wrinkles is to place the first finger of each hand crosswise of the wrinkles about half an inch apart. Then push up a little fold. As

the left hand finger pushes its way along the wrinkle, let the right hand one rub up and down, always keeping the line up into a little hill.

In massaging the lines about the eyes the movement should begin by rubbing the eyelid from the nose outward half an inch beyond the end of the eye, then returning below the eye toward the nose. This will make the massage sweep back crosswise of the crow's feet. Another movement is to hold the skin taut and then knead the lines firmly with the first and second fingers of the right hand.

If the chin is fleshy and you wish to massage it down to smaller proportions, you must dissolve the fatty tissues by picking up the flesh between the thumb and forefinger and rolling and rubbing as much as you possibly can without injuring or breaking the skin. Then, in order to keep the flesh from getting flabby the rotund little chin must be bathed in cold water, in which is a small pinch of alum, a piece the size of a bean being plenty for a pint of water. This alum bath, remember, is only to be applied when you are reducing the carbon or fat.

The "kneading" movement is very beneficial. This is done very gently with the thumb and forefinger only — precisely the motion used in kneading bread. The smoothing manipulation for the wrinkles is probably better explained as an "ironing out" motion. All lines can stand these two movements. Whenever the skin seems particularly dull of color and generally lifeless, then the patting comes in excellent play. This is merely a gentle tattoo over the entire face. Electricity is an excellent accessory to massage—but that is another story.

After the massage, wet a wash cloth in water slightly chilled, and lay over the face. This will close the pores nicely. Dry and apply powder.

I trust that my beauty students will easily understand the foregoing—it is certainly a difficult topic to explain lucidly. As I said before, it is a wise plan to go to some one who thoroughly understands the art and let her teach you. While massage can be given at home, it is more satisfactory if done by a professional whose knowledge of anatomy will assist her toward the best results.

DRESS

"Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;
In short, my deary, kiss me! and be quiet."
—*Lady W. Montague.*

The world has its full share of silly women—more's the pity—but there is not one who can hold a candle to the girl who trots about in the cold, bleak days of winter clad in summery undergarments fit only for the warm atmosphere of a baker's oven in August. So long as these exhibitions of utter absurdity continue we cannot consistently harp upon woman's recently acquired good sense in dress. It seems more and more the fad for girls to boast that they have never worn a vulgar outfit of flannel undergarments, but it is quite observable that these same girls are the very ones who are eternally grunting and groaning and coughing and fussing. And how can they help it? You can't have good health if you keep yourself in a semi-refrigerated state. A sleeveless vest of silk is not sufficient to keep

one's body warm, even though the prettiest bodice in Christendom and the swellest of "coaties" cover it. Skirts of white muslin, with pretty frills and lacey trimmings that fall in soft folds and ruffles around one's feet, are mighty dainty things for the summer girl—but is there a colder sound than that of a starched white petticoat in the dead of winter? Bur-r-rr! it gives one the cold chills to even think of it!

Who has not beheld the stunningly gowned girl stalking majestically around the shopping district in a little tailor-made jacket topped off with a fur collarette? She tells herself that she is perfectly warm and comfortable, but you and I know better, my dear, for we have seen her unhappy efforts to crawl up into this same collarette, and we have beheld her shivering misery as a good stiff gust of January wind sends her flying around a corner.

I am a firm believer in the tailor-made gown, and I am of the opinion that style often counts more than real beauty with women of stately carriage and pretty figure. But nevertheless, I believe first in keeping warm and in pro-

tecting one's health. The girl in the smart little jacket could well afford to wear a winter coat over it on the coldest days, and even then she would not swelter from the heat. Really, it is torture for a woman of common sense to go along the shopping district and see her poor, miserable sisters who let comfort fly to the four winds of heaven while they revel madly in appearances. It's all very well, my girls, to look your best. But don't make sacrifices that will injure your health. I'd rather see a woman in a last winter's coat with the seams shiny than look upon a foolish but radiant creature in a bit of a cape that would keep her about as warm as would two good-sized cobwebs stitched together. The first woman would have the advantage of displaying evidence of real brains on the inside of her head. And beauty without brains isn't real beauty at all, but a sad, shop-worn, tear-wringing imitation.

It is my opinion that in choosing undercloth-ing for cold weather finely-woven cotton is the best of all. Silk is not durable, and wool, even of the finest quality, will often prove irritating.

Besides, so many of us spend most of our time in steam-heated homes or offices that woolen garments keep one too warm. The cotton union suit makes a very desirable undergarment. This should be high-necked, long-sleeved, and made to come well down over the ankles. For the girl whose particular worry is a nose of flaming red, let me say that in fleece-lined stockings, calfskin boots and warm overshoes lies her only hope of a less flamboyant nasal appendage.

There is no need of fourteen petticoats, notwithstanding the fact that really nice old ladies insist upon wearing that number. One skirt of silk or moreen, together with a tiny short one of white muslin and a pair of sensible, warm, woolen equestrian tights will make one more comfortable and will allay that immense swelling about the hips which much be-petticoated old ladies have. The tights, however, should be worn only when one is out of doors. During really cold weather no woman with sense enough to fill a one-grain quinine capsule will venture out of the house without thus properly clothing her lower limbs. Let

femininity come to the understanding that in proper dressing and rational eating she will find the first and best materials for building her house of beauty. It's all very well to wear pretty, fluffy, lace-trimmed undergarments, but if you think that a wan, white, pinched little face pays you for such extravagances in silliness, then you are a ninny. Wear the fluffy things if you will, but put on the warm ones, too. In making a choice between the raiments of a ballet dancer and those of an Eskimo lady, I'd point the finger of approval toward the latter—at least at those times when the thermometer is lounging around the zero point.

THE THIN GIRL

"Beauty gives
The features perfectness, and to the form
Its delicate proportions." —*Willis.*

Diogenes and his lantern had an easy, simple task. If they had started out together to turn their searchlight of discovery upon a woman who was neither too fat nor too thin, no doubt they'd been poking around in other people's affairs ever since. I once heard of a woman to whom the idea of gaining or reducing flesh had never occurred, but she died before I got a chance to look at her, so of course I am rather doubtful as to the truth of the story. To my mind she should have been made president of something or other or else been put on exhibition where the rest of suffering womankind could have gone and feasted their eyes upon such an impossible paragon. If there is not a general wail about over-weight or under-weight, then it's a thin neck, or big hips, or an inclination to too much "tum-tum," or skinny

arms, or cheeks like miniature pumpkins—and goodness only knows what else. And by the time one particular horror is massaged out of existence another crops up like a spook in the closet of a "fraidy-cat" girl, and then the business is begun all over again.

Therefore, say I this: Don't worry yourself into your grave about too much flesh or a lack of it unless you find yourself taking on the extreme proportions of a skeleton lady, or a museum exhibit of unusual plumpness. A thin neck may be a bad thing—as all girls so afflicted can testify—but if that thin neck is rebellious, and pays absolutely no attention to tonics or massage or other coddling for which it should rightly be grateful, then merely say, "All right, if you insist!" And turn your attention to other things. What admirer of feminine beauty would not look upon a bright mind, quick, kindly wits, and sweet lovableness as a thousand times more acceptable than a neck as round and perfect as that of a Venus?

On the other hand, let me say that, if you will merely look after your health—exer-

cise every day, be out of doors, eat proper foods and take your daily sponge bath—you will keep your chest broad and full, and your waist trim and neat. Breathing exercises every morning are excellent for this happy condition of affairs. It is my firm belief that women could mold their bodies as they would if they only had patience and perseverance—not so much in flesh-gaining or flesh-losing, but in being wholesomely strong and healthy. This is most necessary, not only to prolong life and make it pleasanter and more livable in every way, but to be what God evidently intended—a robust, well-developed and perfectly formed woman.

Thin girls must be lazy and plump ones busy. If you work hard and have the usual load of worries that half the women lug about with them as they do their powder rags and their purses, then you may never hope to revel in a vast amount of fat. Fretters are invariably thin; they simply worry off the flesh faster than nature can create it.

When a woman is unusually slender it is her duty to get fat, not any more for the reason

that she will look prettier with the angles filled out than for the reason that she will be stronger and healthier and in a better condition to resist illness and fatigue. She should have at least ten hours' sleep out of twenty-four, and this must be healthy sleep in a well-ventilated bedroom, on a hard mattress, and with no high pillows to make her stoop-shouldered and of ungainly figure. A nap during the day is a good thing if one can afford the time. Absolute freedom from care and anxiety are necessary, but—alas—we cannot always regulate the antics of fate or circumstances that deny us these sweet privileges. The diet must be of the most nourishing, and should consist mostly of food containing starch and sugar, such as good fresh butter, rich milk, cream, fruits both raw and cooked, macaroni, fish, corn, sweet potatoes, peas, beans, ice creams, desserts without pastries, and nourishing broths. Cereals, poultry, game, chocolate and sweet grapes are all excellent. Avoid all spiced, acid or very salty foods. While plenty of outdoor life is most essential, a great deal of exercise is not. If there is any internal

disease, especially the slightest inclination to dyspepsia or liver trouble, one cannot possibly gain flesh until the cause of the extreme slenderness is removed. When the body is plump in one part and fails in another, either massage or a gymnastic course is advised. Dumb-bells and Indian clubs will develop the arms; massage with a fattening emollient, together with loose clothing, tepid baths and breathing exercises, will increase the size of the chest and bust, while swimming, moderate bicycling and walking are good for nearly all plaints of the thin lady.

But until these changes are brought about—and it will take lots of time—do not fret or worry. Merely wear your clothing very loose, substitute a comfortable little waist for stiff, unwieldy corsets, and see that your gowns are made full and dainty. In this last particular you will have an immense advantage over the woman who would sell the shoes off her feet to be thin and "willowy."

THE PLUMP GIRL

"What's female beauty but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen."

—*Young.*

If one had to choose between being too fat or too lean, the wise woman would certainly take the smaller allowance of flesh. Jack Sprat might incite pleasant ridicule, but Jack Sprat's wife—lo! there would be naught but pity and tears for her! It is better by far to be the butt of jokes concerning "walking shoe-strings" or "perambulating umbrella cases" than to waddle through life burdened to death with an excessive amount of flesh. The thin sister can pad out the angles, put frills and puffy things over the bony places, but alas for the fat one! She gets into clothes that are skin-tight, and she draws in her corset string until it snaps and gives at every breath and

sneeze, and even then she does not look graceful and pretty, for the fat—like secrets—will out, and it rolls over and around like the little bumps and humps in a pudding bag.

Yet, after all, there's more hope for her than for her sister in misery. While some thin girls might revel in cod liver oil and nearly convert themselves into a hospital storeroom of tonics and fattening foods, they can't get round and rotund—the Lord seems to will it that certain persons are to amble disconsolately through life minus the proper allotment of flesh. But with the overplump lady it all lies within herself as to whether she is to be stout and buxom or of more artistic and beautiful proportions. It is simply a matter of getting up and hustling, a condition of animation frequently foreign to her nature, but not at all impossible to even the most unwieldy.

While a certain careful routine of living is necessary for a speedy change for the better, the two main points to remember are diet and exercise. To the girl who says: "But I can't diet. I get hungry. I love sweets and goodies, and have to have then," I must reply:

"Well, then, be fat." What is worth having is worth working for, and the woman who is too fat for her own comfort and personal appearance invariably has ahead of her the dreadful bogy of additional flesh as the years go on. And surely that should be enough to inspire her to mend her ways.

In beginning the change—that is, in starting out on a regular system of dieting and exercising—you should remember that the reform must be worked gradually. One must go slowly into the more healthful manner of living. The severe methods of flesh-reducing cannot be too greatly deplored, and many a woman has lost her life by these extreme measures. I do not mean that they have died at their exercisers or that they fell exhausted because they did not have enough to eat, but that in their mad efforts to become thin quickly they undermined their health and laid a good foundation for physical disorders. Good health, with too much plumpness, is preferable to beautiful proportions and the listlessness and pain of ill health. So you can follow my advice with the greatest safety, as health—

to my way of thinking—is greater than beauty, for the last depends upon the first, invariably.

To-morrow, when you get up, throw on a loose, warm wrapper, and then open the window. Stand in the cool, crisp morning air, and expand your lungs a dozen times, holding your hands on your hips and raising yourself lightly on your toes. Vary this by walking across the room, taking long, full breaths from the abdomen. This practice is equally good for the thin girl, or any other kind of a girl, for that matter. After airing your lungs close the window and run into the bath-room, where you should have a quick sponge bath, rubbing the body briskly with a heavy towel. A quick alcohol rub can follow, just as one pleases. For breakfast let there be fresh uncooked fruit, especially oranges. Tea or coffee must be taken clear, as neither milk nor sugar should be indulged in by the beauty patient whose chief ambition it is to lose flesh. Toast must always be eaten instead of bread, and butter used sparingly at all times. Avoid fats, starchy cereals, flesh-producing vege-

tables and pastries. This is very simple, when you once make up your mind to it. Do not fancy you are thus left with nothing whatever to eat—like Mother Hubbard's unhappy dog. Meats, either cold or broiled, are good if eaten in moderation. Poultry, fish and game are all right. Asparagus, string beans, spinach and tomatoes are the most appetizing of vegetables, and in these four alone there will be sufficient variety, especially when salads of all sorts are included, although these must, of course, be taken without oil. Young onions are also excellent, as are condiments, dried fruits and acidulated drinks. A hot lemonade, taken every night, is good, but it must have little sugar, else the effects of the acid will be overbalanced.

As for exercise, walking is best of all. Running is very beneficial, but the unique witticisms of the average small boy will probably keep this form of exercise confined strictly to the house. Begin by walking half a mile for several days, then make the distance a mile, and keep increasing your daily walk until you cover at least five miles. That may sound like

an impossibility, but don't you believe it, for it's not at all. In Great Britain a walk of fifteen miles is not considered half an effort, and who does not know that the English girls have the most superb complexions in the world? Besides this, they are healthy, wholesome, well-developed women, and that counts a good deal in the race for beauty. If the five-mile walk is too exhausting, then take a longer time getting to the point, when it will be exhilarating instead of enervating.

Sleep must be limited to seven hours, and daily naps are strictly tabooed. To those who prefer, mechanical massage can be given, and this will take the place of long walks, although they are really preferable, as the fresh air is necessary. Oxygen destroys or burns out carbon, and carbon is fat. The more exercise and fresh air, the more exygen, and consequently destruction of fat by the one healthy means of remedying obesity. Soda phosphates and the various fat-reducing preparations are not desirable. The only way to cajole willowiness of body into coming in your direction is to diet and to take plenty of exercise. Do not drink

much water. A little lemon juice added to it will make it less fattening.

There, now, plump lady, are your rules! Abide by them and your woes will surely disappear with a swiftness that will make you laugh.

THE WORKING GIRL

"Labor is life!—'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth."
—*Mrs. Frances S. Osgood.*

It has often occurred to me that there are a vast number of plucky little bread-winning girls and women to whom even a tiny jar of creme marquise is a hopeless impossibility. For them is this chapter written.

In the first place, we all feel pretty sure that —in the great, wonderful beginning of things —it was never meant that women should work. We can't help knowing this when we look about us every night at six o'clock and see the weary, patient, brave little faces that line either side of the elevated trains or the crowded street cars. Women are not given to the solving of problems, so we won't go into the great "whys" or the "wherefores." That's a loss of time anyhow. But we will do heaps better than that. We will try to be hopeful

and cheery, and learn how to make the best of the little happinesses that do come our way.

The working girl—and we all take off our hats to her pluck—needs more than any other class of womankind to take care of her health. She is out in all kinds of weather, she works hard, and ofttimes struggles through a daily routine that is harrowing beyond everything. After hours there is mending to be done, or a thousand and one little duties to keep her busy until, tired out and nerve-weary, she goes to bed to gain rest and strength for the struggles of the morrow. She cannot afford the little luxuries of the toilet that are so dear and near to the heart of womankind the world over. The joys of having her hair "done" or her pretty cheeks massaged are not hers—and the pity of it is that often enough the fault lies not within herself, but in the unhappy circumstances of fate that have placed her among the less fortunate sisterhood.

Let a large bar of castile soap be the working girl's first investment. I say a "large" bar for the reason that it is much cheaper when bought that way. A good-sized piece of the

pure white castile can be bought at some of the drug stores for fifteen or twenty cents. This should be cut into small cakes and put on a high shelf, where it will become dry and hard and so it will be more lasting. With plenty of warm water, a few good wash-rags and this pure soap you will have a beauty outfit that will be more beneficial than all the rouges and eyebrow pencils that were ever put into the windows of beauty shops.

The bath should be daily. Now do not say that you have not the time, for the sponge bath —which will make the blood tingle and the flesh glow—can be got through with in almost no time. It is most imperative that the secretions of the skin and the dust gathered during the day should be removed. When the body is not kept scrupulously clean the complexion is sure to suffer, for there the pores of the skin are most susceptible, and eruptions and blackheads come from very slight causes. When the hands become rough and tender, and will not stand soap, prepare a little almond meal. This, too, is very inexpensive, for, instead of the powdered almonds, you can use the pressed

almond cake, which is nearly as good and very cheap, and in place of the orris root wheat flour can be used. Take three ounces of the first and seven of the latter. If you can afford it, add a little powdered talcum. A cream for the face and hands, and one which can be used with perfect safety, is benzoinated mutton tallow. This is simply the best mutton tallow to which benzoin has been added, and both ingredients kept at a steady heat until the alcohol of the benzoin has been completely evaporated.

About the hair: The greatest secret of luxuriant locks is absolute cleanliness. There are many women who vainly fancy that they keep their pretty locks perfectly clean, when they really do not at all. Only plenty of running water can thoroughly rinse the soap or shampoo out. If the hair is at all sticky, or if a slight oily substance adheres to the comb, then the hair is not clean. (And let me say right here, combs and brushes too must be kept as scrupulously clean as the hair itself.) Castile soap makes the best shampoo in the world, especially when a little piece is dissolved in

warm water and a tiny bit of ammonia or alcohol added, although for dry hair neither the alcohol nor ammonia is at all necessary. If a tonic is needed, then use the sage tea, which, however, must not be put on light, blond tresses. Common kerosene, if one can endure the odor, is an unsurpassed remedy for falling hair. Rubbing the scalp every night with the finger tips until the flesh tingles and glows is a most inexpensive way of stimulating the circulation, and frequently makes the hair grow long and nice and fine.

What one eats plays such a leading part in the beauty-getting efforts — but I have but little space left now to tell about that. Summed up in a nutshell, it is this: Eat very little pastry, and shun greasy foods or fat meats, like pork or bacon. Pin your faith to vegetables and fruit. A luncheon of two apples is of greater nourishment, and more real value to good looks, than a repast of mince pie and coffee—two unspeakable horrors to any one who regards health and beauty as worth the having or the striving for.

As for the dress, I could write a seven vol-

ume treatise on that. It sounds prosy, I know, and very stupid, but let me tell you that it is the wise girl who buys for comfort, utility and wear, instead of style and elaborateness. A plain little fedora, if well brushed, makes a trimmer, neater appearance than a cheap velvet hat ornamented with feathers that have straightened out and flowers that have long since lost their glory in the rains and storms of autumn time. It is the same way with shoes and gloves. If one can possibly afford it, calfskin boots and heavy gloves should always be purchased. They will not only outwear two or three pairs of the lighter, less durable kind, but they will give warmth and comfort and a well-groomed look as well.

THE NERVOUS ONE

"The beautiful seems right by force of beauty; and the feeble wrong because of weakness."—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Of all the unfortunates on the face of the globe there is none so worthy of real all-wool pity and yard-wide sympathy as the woman of nerves. Yes, and her family needs a dash of consolation, too. One nervous woman can create more nervousness among other women than could a cageful of mice or a colony of cows suddenly let loose. It is not for herself that the fuss-budget should mend her ways, but for the great good of humanity at large.

We are all of us more or less nervous, and it is really interesting to observe what strange outlets woman's natural nervousness chooses.

"I'd walk from Hyde Park to the city hall at midnight and never be a bit scared. But let me stay in the flat alone after dark and I'm in a state of terror that would make you weep

were you to behold me," confesses nervous lady No. 1.

"I have nerves of iron," pipes up nervous lady No. 2. "Except when there is a thunder-storm. Then I wish I were as dead as Julius Cæsar."

"Well!" drawls nervous lady No. 3. "I don't believe in ghosts at all, but I'm scared to death of 'em. Sometimes I not only keep the gas burning all night, but I sit up in bed so as to be right ready to run away from 'em."

Some people have contempt for the nervous ones. I have only pity. Any one who has gone through the tortures of hearing imaginary burglars three nights in the week for ten or twelve years on an endless stretch needs consolation and then a good, straight talk on the beautiful convenience of horse sense. Most women are always hearing burglars. Probably one in a thousand turns out to be a real, live housebreaker. Whenever the wise woman hears one fussing with the lock on the front door or trying to squeeze into the pantry window, she just says: "Same old burglar. He'll be gone in the morning," and he always

is. That's a heap better plan than arousing the household and suffering the unmerciful torture that a family given to ridicule can inflict.

I heard a woman say the other day that she never knew what it was to be nervous until a certain ragman began to take pedestrian exercises up and down the alley back of her house. He carries a canvas bag over his shoulder, and he yells "Eny ol' racks" until that woman locks herself in a closet and stuffs sofa cushions into her ears. His "Eny ol' racks" has got on her nerves so that she is simply beside herself until that man takes himself and his yell out of hearing distance. To be sure, he yells through his nose, but why in the world that woman should make herself miserable about something she can't possibly help is a double-turreted mystery to me. The thing for her to do is to sit down placidly on the back porch and make up her mind that the ragman is not going to upset the tranquillity of her existence; that he hasn't any right to interfere with her happiness, and that she isn't going to be fool enough to let him. I'll wager a peseta against

a gum drop that she could do it, too, and without half an effort, if she would only once be consistent and determined.

There is no use in beating about the bush. I feel sorry for the nervous woman at all times and every day in the week, but there's no chance of a doubt that the nervous woman is mentally unbalanced for want of courage and lack of will power. Some place, way back in the far corners of her intellect, there are numerous little sore spots that need the healing tonic of level-headedness and the bravery of belief in her own strength. Those wise gentlemen of pellets and pills tell us that when there is a defect in the structure of the nervous system, some certain region of cells not well flushed with blood is usually at the bottom of the infirmity. The cure, they say, is discipline and training, good food, exercise and plenty of sleep and good fresh air.

Sunlight is a glorious medicine for the woman of nerves. If I had a nervous fussbudget under my care, the first thing I would do would be to feed her well. I'd give her nourishing broths and daintily-served vege-

tables, and little steaks and chops and plenty of fattening cereals and drinks. I would bundle her off to the parks every morning with sealed orders not to come back until she was dead tired and as hungry as a small girl at a boarding school. I would impress upon her mind the great need of throwing worry to the winds and taking in good, long breaths of God's blessed fresh air. Then, after feeding her some more, I'd make her take a nice, refreshing sponge bath and tumble early into bed. After several days of such treatment I'd corner her where she couldn't get away and lay down the laws.

"Now it's just with yourself," the lecture would begin with, "whether you are to be a jolly-hearted, wholesome-looking woman or a tailor-made gown with a bundle of nerves inside of it. No matter what comes, don't make yourself wretched by fretting. Every one has troubles. You can't escape them. Sometimes they come with a sweep like tornadoes gone mad, and you'll say to yourself: 'My heavens! I wonder if I'll live through it all?' But you will, and between you and me, my dear, it's just

as well to come out of the battle with a smiling face as with eight additional crow's feet and a new scolding lock of gray hair. Just say to yourself: 'I will not grind my teeth because the man next to me in the street car is chewing a toothpick. I am not responsible for his lack of manners. I positively refuse to have fits because the woman in the flat next to mine plays the flute eight hours a day. If it's convenient I'll move; if it isn't I'll not make existence a daylight nightmare.'

"School yourself!" I will continue. "Get lots of starch in you and a backbone that is a backbone! Don't fall down in a heap and mope over things you can't help. The agreeable things in life are as rare as sage-brush growing in Gotham, while the disagreeable is bobbing up eternally. So brace up, my friend, and make the best of it. Discipline yourself. Keep your mind fresh and bright, and your body strong and healthy. If you have hard work to do then do it with the least possible expenditure of worry and nerve-force. Be in the open air as much as you can, and

above everything else dwell not on the unhealthy state of your nerves. Let self-mastery be your shibboleth and 'no nerves' your prayer."

PERFUMES

"Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live."

—*Shakespeare.*

Women love delicate perfumes as they do silk stockings and violets. It's just "born in 'em," like their deep-rooted horror of mice and bills and burglars. From the time when the baby girl sniffs the sweetness of the powder puff as it fluffs about her soft, pretty neck until the white-haired lady lovingly fondles the lavender sachets that lie between the folds of her time-yellowed wedding gown, she loves sweet odors.

The true gentlewoman never uses strong perfumes, yet her hats and clothing and handkerchiefs always send forth a faint scent of fragrant flowers. The odor is so very slight that it does not suggest the dashing on of perfume, but, instead, bespeaks scrupulous cleanli-

ness of body and garments, with perhaps an added suggestion of the soft winds that blow over a clover field. No perfume at all is far better than too much, for who does not look with suspicious eyes upon the woman who, when passing one on the street, seems to be in an invisible vapor of white rose or jockey club —strong enough to work on the streets?

There is a secret about it all, and such a simple one! It is merely choosing one particular odor and using it in every possible way. There is nothing sweeter than violet perfume, so suppose I illustrate with that? Begin by using orris root for your teeth, combined, of course, with the other necessary ingredients. Then, if you can afford it, get the expensive imported violet soaps, although as a matter of beautifying there is nothing better than the pure white castile. The odor of this, disliked by some, can be entirely done away with by using a little violet toilet water in the bath and touching the ear lobes with it afterward.

Then, between the folds of your gowns and in the crowns of your hats lay little violet sachets, always removing them before the

gown or hat is worn, as the perfume must be faint and delicate. A few drops of essence of violet will scent your face powder, if it is not already perfumed, and bath bags of orris—and other good things—will add to your galaxy of sweet odors. If you use creme marquise or any of the other delightful cosmetics told about in our beauty book, add a little essence of violets to them while they are being mixed. Putting it all in a nutshell: Simply choose your favorite perfume and carry it out in every detail. For those who are fond of violet I will give the following recipes:

Creme de la Violettes: Place in a porcelain kettle one ounce each of white wax and spermaceti, cut in fine shavings. When melted add to this five ounces oil of sweet almonds and heat, but do not let boil. Remove from fire and pour in quickly one and one-half ounces of rose-water in which ten grains of borax has been dissolved. Beat briskly. When beginning to thicken, add one-half teaspoonful essence of violets. When nearly cold put in little jars. Use as cold cream or any general face cosmetic. It is more effective when

applied at night, just after the face is bathed in warm water and while the flesh is pink and moist.

Perfume—Violettes de Bois:

Essence of violets, five ounces.
Essence of acacia, one ounce.
Essence of rose, one ounce.
Extract of iris root, one ounce.
Oil of bitter almonds, five drops.

Violet Lotion:

Alcohol, four ounces.
Ammonia, one ounce.
Essence of violets, one dram.

Add one teaspoonful of this to a bowl of water when bathing the face, neck and arms. Hard water is the cause of many bad complexions, and this will remedy that particular trouble of the beauty-seeker.

Poudre de Vicomtesse:

Talcum powder, seven and one-half ounces.
Finest starch, one and one-fourth ounces.
Powdered orris root, one and one-fourth ounces.
Oil of orris, ten drops.

Violet Bath Bags:

Two pounds of finely ground oatmeal.

Three ounces of almond flour.

One cake of best white castile soap, shaved fine.

One-quarter pound powdered orris root.

Take one yard of cheese cloth and make it into little bags about four inches square and fill with the mixture. These will make a soft white lather, and afterward the face, neck and arms should be rinsed in water containing a few drops of benzoin. Larger bags can be made for the regular bath.

For the Teeth:

One-fourth pound of prepared chalk, finely powdered.

Three-fourths ounce pulverized castile soap.

One ounce powdered orris root.

One-half dram oil of sassafras.

One ounce pulverized sugar.

Violet Sachet:

Black currant leaves, powdered, one-fourth pound.

Rose leaves, one-fourth pound.

Cassia buds, one-eighth pound.
Orris, ground, one-half pound.
Gum benzoin, one-eighth pound.
Grain musk, powdered, one-fourth dram.
Mix thoroughly and let stand for one week.

Violet Toilet Water:
Essence of violet, one and three-fourth ounces.
Essence of rose, one-half ounce.
Essence of cassie, one-half ounce.
Alcohol, 14 ounces.

Essence de Fleur d'Oranges
One-half ounce pure neroli.
One pint alcohol.
One ounce essence of jonquille.

Violet Sachet Powder:
Eight ounces of orris root.
Five drops oil of bergamot.
Three drops oil of bitter almonds.
Four drops oil of rose.
One fluid dram tincture of musk.
Mix thoroughly.

Lavender Sachet Powder:

One pound powdered lavender.
One-quarter pound gum benzoin (powdered).
Six ounces oil of lavender.
Mix.

Heliotrope Sachet Powder:

One-quarter pound rose leaves.
Two ounces tonquin, ground fine.
One-quarter pound pulverized orris root.
One ounce vanilla (powdered).
One-half grain musk.
Two drops oil of almonds.
Mix by fluffing through a sieve.

McGrath Liniment

Equal parts turpentine,

muriatic - and Ammonia

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